Oral History Committee
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RODNEY B. HARTMAN, M. D.

An Interview Conducted By

Carl Mosher

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Carl Mosher

This is April 20, 1978. Carl Mosher talking to Dr. Rodney B. Hartman who has lived and practiced medicine in Mill Valley for some forty-three years. What does the "B" stand for, by the way?

Rodney Hartman

Benton. My father was a twin, and his twin's name was Benton. It's interesting about the family. My grandmother on the Hartman side had a single boy, then she had twins, one of which was Benton, and then she had triplets. Only two of these children lived--my father and an uncle. My uncle never married. He lived with us and was more or less of a big brother.

I was born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, which is about fifteen miles up the Monongahela River from Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh, as you know, is the meeting of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers. McKeesport was a very early mill town which gave fame to the mills around Pittsburgh. This town grew up because of its river traffic. As a matter of fact there was more traffic on the Monongahela River than there is through the Panama Canal in tonnage.

Mr. Mosher

What year were you born?

Dr. Hartman

I was born October 7, 1905. My parents lived in McKeesport; they themselves were born in McKeesport; even my grandparents were living in McKeesport. My great-grandfather, William Hartman, came from Germany in 1832 at the time of some unrest in Germany. One of his fore-

bears was a count by the name of Carl von Hartmann. When he came to the States he dropped the von and dropped the second "n." He was a fairly successful businessman. He had quite a number of children; my grandfather was the second oldest. As was so common in those days in German families, when he retired both Grandfather and Grandmother Hartman came to live with us. So we had a sort of nuclear family, with John and my grandparents, and this I thought was always a great advantage.

The Hartmans went into the hardware business. It was a family affair--not only my own father but all the Hartmans went into the Hartman Hardware Company, which was one of the largest hardware stores outside of Pittsburgh, a five-story building on the main street of McKeesport. It was a good business. They put in tinning and plumbing. I used to wait on trade in the store. I learned some of the tricks in the tinning and plumbing department.

I think it was an advantage to have a bachelor uncle who never quite grew up. He was always a very naïve, romantic kind of a fellow in the sense that he was a dreamer. He couldn't have made his own way under any circumstances. Dad always took care of his finances. But he was a wonderful companion to me and would take me on Sundays to many nice things in that area, mostly in Pittsburgh.

Mr. Mosher

He opened a sort of transition road between childhood and adulthood?

Dr. Hartman

Yes, and my grandfather likewise. I was the only boy (I had two sisters), but I think I was rather favored, being the oldest and a boy. Grandfather used to take long walks with me. He had been a world traveler when traveling was a rarity. He had made several trips to Europe. The most notable one was a Clark's trip to the Holy Land. I was, as I say, born in 1905. He went through the Holy Land collecting all sorts of mementos which later on I inherited--two trunks full of mementos. I think this started me on the thought that I would hope to travel like my grandfather did. Anyhow, when he was in

Israel, he visited the Dead Sea and the Jordan River. He collected water from a jar that he bought there marked "Wasser Jordan" (in German). He filled it from the Jordan River itself and brought it back so I could be baptised with this water. But when it came time for baptism they couldn't find the bottle, so I was baptised with ordinary McKeesport city water.

Mr. Mosher

What church was that?

Dr. Hartman

This was in the Presbyterian Church. The bottle turned up later, and I had it for many years as a souvenir. I'm glad it wasn't wasted on my head. We called them relics, but they were really mementos, three or four trunksful of everything you could think of--stones picked up in the Coliseum, on the Acropolis in Greece, the tapers he used in going down to see the star which marked the birthplace of Christ in the Church of the Nativity, baskets from Haifa that he carried along with him filled with oranges, relics from the pyramids in Egypt. The Pyramid of Memphis was just then being opened, and he was able to frankly snitch some of the ancient relics and pocket them. These became part of my collection.

So from the very beginning I think it was my grandfather that inspired me to want to go to see distant lands. I remember finding the book titled "Stanley in Darkest Africa," which I mulled over many times. The folks thought it was rather too rough for a young chap and used to hide it away from me, but I was always able to find it.

My father was in the hardware business, as I say. He had studied law at the University of Pittsburgh but couldn't stand the law. He always felt there was something ugly about it. He felt he'd have to compromise his own personal ethics in trying to plead cases, so his law work was mostly useful in the hardware store.

Mr. Mosher

Is that business still in operation, by the way?

Dr. Hartman

Yes, still under the name of Hartman Hardware, on

Fifth Avenue in McKeesport, but there are no Hartmans in it any longer. As a matter of fact, my own father had a falling out, or some family disagreement happened, and he started his own store, the H. B. Hartman Company, and was actually in competition with the family store. But McKeesport had grown so much there was plenty of business for both of them.

My mother was named Cowan, Harriet Cowan. She was English. Jack Cowan, her father, was a rather brilliant man and studied medicine at the University of Western Pennsylvania, which later became the University of Pittsburgh. Even when he had a family he was studying chemistry. To make ends meet he worked in the steel mills. He was what was known as a puddler at first. This was the man who by sheer intuition could distinguish how much manganese et cetera to put with the steel to make it a certain strength. He was earning fabulous wages in those days. Then he was promoted to being a roller, which was even more unique, rolling out those hot plates of steel. In spite of this he continued studying medicine, but he never practiced. The steel work became so important and his promotion was such that he got his degree but never practiced. So the medical tradition started back there with Grandfather Cowan.

Grandmother Cowan was a very interesting character. She was a very strong-headed woman, very intelligent. She organized welfare plans for all the poor people of that whole area, McKeesport and all around. We had many wards and blocks of very poor people. We called them "Hunkies." I suppose that was from the name Hungarians, but that included all these rough-and-ready people. Before the "Hunkies" came, the Irish were there as the ordinary workman, and then came the "Hunkies," the Slavic people. There was always trouble and great class distinction in McKeesport. Most people who lived on the hill never went into the "Hunky" town, and at times of the steel riots the town would be in a state of siege.

My grandfather rose in the ranks of the laborers and finally went into management so that he became very effective in the strikes, especially the Carnegie Steel strike in which quite a number were killed.

Mr. Mosher

He was a negotiator?

Dr. Hartman

Yes. He knew the men. He was known as Jack, and he could walk through the lines without trouble. He was very well respected. He did have a bodyguard--whose name was Edward. He was a chauffeur for grandfather as well as a bodyguard. He was a very successful amateur boxer. My grandmother insisted that her grandchildren, the boys, learn how to handle their dukes, be able to fight and defend our honor or protect ourselves if we were ever attacked. So she very kindly insisted that Ed teach us how to box. She'd clear her living room of all the furniture, and we'd put on the gloves and fight in her living room. She would watch all this going on and thoroughly enjoy the fisticuffs.

One little incident: After some boxing (and I was pretty well instructed how to handle myself) Ed said, "Just let 'er go and give me the works!" So I did. Somehow Ed dropped his guard, and I practically knocked him out. His old fight came back, but he stopped before he was ready to slaughter me. That was a surprise to him and certainly a surprise to me that I nearly knocked out an amateur champion.

Mr. Mosher

Do you think that sort of thing had any long-term effect on your personality?

Dr. Hartman

No, from the very beginning of my life I was the student in the group. It's interesting to recollect those days in respect to the families. Grandfather and Grandmother Cowan lived on one end of May Street, and they had three children: a son by the name of Fred, who died of typhoid fever; my Aunt Sue; and my Uncle Vic. I'll tell you more about him because he had a lot to do with my life. He became a doctor.

On the other end of May Street (only about a block in length and just above the main street of McKeesport so that it wasn't in the aristocratic part of town) lived the Hartmans in a very fine house, quite well off. The Hartmans, as I say, had the triplets, the twins and Fred. (Each family had a Fred, and both died about the same time.) Dad almost died. When he was waiting on trade once in the

hardware store he was shot in the shoulder by a drunk who was examining a gun. He must have put a bullet in the gun, and it hit Dad in the shoulder. He carried that bullet for the rest of his life; it never seemed to bother him; I used to have a lot of fun as a medical student, X-raying him to see where the bullet was.

These two families began to know each other, and mother and father fell in love, went to the same school. He went off to Gettysburg college. Mother went on to Indiana State Normal School and became a teacher. Dad went into Law. They were sweethearts from the earliest of times, certainly from high school on.

My Aunt Sue Cowan had a boy and a girl. She married into the Buchanan family. This is interesting historically because the Buchanans were related to James Buchanan, President of the United States prior to Lincoln. Here again I got imbued with more history. Aunt Sue had a lot of the personal White House belongings of James Buchanan--silver, dishes, pictures, and souvenirs. Much to my astonishment they were used oftentimes on special occasions, but they were not taken care of the way I would have taken care of them. God knows where they are today. They've probably been scattered to various members of the family. I used to look these things over and admire the picture on the wall of James Buchanan, the President, and think what he could have done. I used to tell my son, Jim, when he got too cocky, that Buchanan was the lousiest president we ever had! But it had some status value.

I remember two other pictures on the wall--Edward, the Prince of Wales, and his wife. There was one thing I always wanted, a cane that Edward had given to Buchanan, a mahogany cane with an ivory handle of an American eagle with its wings partly folded. Aunt Sue always promised me that cane, but I never got it. I don't know whatever became of it. The other thing I always wanted and never obtained was a series of illuminated Bibles that Grandmother Cowan had. I used to spend rainy days down at her house looking at these magnificent Bible pictures. I think I learned as much from those pictures as I did going to the Coursin St. Sunday School and earning a Bible for so many attendances. I really got quite interested religiously.

Uncle Vic's family produced Jack, who was older than I (I was second, among the grandchildren), a younger boy

by the name of George, and later a young girl who I can only remember as four or five years old, who later became and is now a very prominent doctor, a radiologist, in Houston. These ten grandchildren were more like brothers and sisters; we had a wonderful family life. We didn't really know what punishment was--except not pleasing our parents. Grandmother kept a pretty stiff sense of properness and loyalty to all the families, and we all lived within two or three blocks of each other. We saw each other over and over again, played together, had the same friends. If Uncle Dick had roast beef that particular evening, we'd all be at Uncle Dick's. If the better meal was down at our house, everybody came to our house. I don't think anybody could have a happier childhood than I had.

As I say, during all this time I was the intellectual one of the group. I was encouraged to make straight As. I was always applauded when I did. I think this had some detrimental side because it kept me from roughing it up with the boys. Although I did go out for sports, I was too interested in reading and that sort of thing to participate. However when I got to high school I played pretty good tennis. I was on the tennis team, a very poor team. We got licked every time we played anybody in Pittsburgh, Switley, McKees Rocks--they were such good players. I went out for track for a while, and I was on the debating team in high school.

One thing strikes me. When I was on the debating team there was a lot of class distinction. There was a Negro, Jimmy Thompson, a very brilliant boy, a little older, who wanted to join the debating team. He was eligible and should have been on the team. He tried out for it and made it but was then refused because he was a Negro. For this reason Adolph Schmidt and I resigned from the team. Adolph Schmidt lived across the street from us. He married into the Mellon family and today is an outstanding financier. His sister, Louise Schmidt, whom I used to date, married into the Heinz family. This brother and sister married into two of the fine old families of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Mosher

What happened to the black man, do you know?

Dr. Hartman

I don't know; he still was out of the club.

Mr. Mosher

When did your interest in medicine begin, as far as going to school was concerned?

Dr. Hartman

Well, that's interesting. The Hartmans had all gone to Gettysburg College, and it was foreordained that I would go there too. I was the eleventh or twelfth of the Hartman clan (they weren't all named Hartman) that had gone to Gettysburg College. John had gone there, Dad had gone there, Fred, many others had gone there. I was by this time extremely interested in history and literature, when I went to Gettysburg, so I started with a regular liberal arts course.

Mr. Mosher

Was this a Presbyterian school, by the way?

Dr. Hartman

No, it's Lutheran. Up to about 1910 they trained more Lutheran ministers than any other school in the country. As a matter of fact, early in my life I was interested in church. I went to two Sunday Schools. I went to the Presbyterian Church, to which I belonged and where dad was a deacon.[1] Reverend Kirk reminded me a great deal of Gordon Foster.[1] He was a very outspoken, liberal, broad-minded preacher, and for those days this was unusual. He went so far as to try to get a recreation center in his church. He put in a bowling alley (which was unheard of in those days) which was open to the children as well as the adults.

I also became a Boy Scout. I belonged to a very fine Boy Scout troop, and although I didn't become an Eagle Scout I went up to first class and won a number of merit badges. We'd go hiking through the countryside. We formed a bicycle patrol. All this was organized around our Presbyterian Church.

Jack belonged to the Methodist Church; these were called the Minute Men. This was an older group, but I felt I could profit by going there, too. So I would go to Sunday School at the Methodist Church, which was about ten

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[1]For many years pastor of the Community Church in Mill Valley.

blocks away,then I'd climb the hill to the Presbyterian Church and hear the sermon. So there was a drift toward the clergy, I think. When I went to Gettysburg it was there again. However, meeting the preministerial students dissuaded me; I wasn't impressed by them. They weren't men that I admired. They were either the roughnecks who were having their last fling, or they were the goody-goodies, or they were just following in their fathers' footsteps and weren't committed. I never could quite associate, or feel myself associated with, these preministerial students who were going to the seminary up on Seminary Hill; it was connected with Gettysburg even as far back as the Battle of Gettysburg.

I took Greek. To get an A.B. you had to have a year of Greek. I continued my Latin; I took French and a year of German. However, I'm just not a linguist. I understand languages mechanistically as a linguist, which helped me later on when I was working through general semantics, but I have never developed the ability to speak and converse, in spite of all this exposure. Fortunately I had to have chemistry.

A very interesting thing happened. We moved to Gettysburg from McKeesport when I went to college. My two sisters went to the academy; in fact they were the only two females in the academy except for the professors' daughters. We lived on York Street in the House of Seven Gables, which had quite a historic background. Later on we moved down to Baltimore Street. In the eaves of our Baltimore Street house there were minnie-balls that had come from the battle. Confederate soldiers were shot down in our barn. General McPherson's body was brought to our front room to be embalmed after he was shot down by a sharpshooter in the first day's fight as the Confederates came in from Cashtown. I found several Confederate rifles up in the eaves. This was the Culp home, and the Culp boy fought for the Union. He was wounded on Culp's Hill (named after the Culp family) in the second day's fight at Gettysburg and was attended by his own mother and father and hidden when the Confederates swept through the town.

We went over the battlefield every Sunday, looking for bullets and studying the fights. I was in the ROTC and was probably on my way to becoming the major of the whole unit. We were visited by famous people like Lloyd George and Governor Pinchot. I was in the color guard.

We knew the Gettysburg Address backwards and forwards. We refought the battle many times, and I was always the battlefield guide when friends came from McKeesport. I took them over the field and could do just as good a job as the official battlefield guides.

Mr. Mosher

What years were these?

Dr. Hartman

This would be 1923 and '24. Gettysburg had a lot to do with forming my future. I cast aside the idea of going into the ministry. The right man just didn't come along. Maybe if someone like Gordon Foster had come along I might have been a preacher.

I did meet one man there who had considerable influence in my life--a man I have admired and am very proud to know--Antonio Espinoso de la Monteros. He was brought there by the Mexican government, and he introduced the tango to a very staid conservative school. He was sort of made fun of. He had several fights and I think would have had a duel if it had been the old days, because of his Mexican descent. He was a very brilliant student, and he was living next door to the Sigma Chi house at the judge's home; he was sort of farmed out to the judge. The judge was always very strict. When Monty would come in late he would find the door locked, and the judge would reprimand him.

Monty had to come by our house on the way to school, and he met my sister. They had a sort of puppy love affair. Monty liked Anna better than Anna liked Monty. Anna was interested in another young chap. Monty finally came and roomed with us; the judge was just too strict for him. So I got to know Monty as well as I did a brother. He went on to Wharton School of Business at the University of Pennsylvania, then went into politics and became the right hand man of Padilla. He was on his way to maybe becoming the president of Mexico if he hadn't been so much of a gringo. As a matter of fact he represented Mexico at the United Nations meeting in San Francisco. Much to my regret I didn't know that for two or three years he was doing all this work at the United Nations while I was over here in Mill Valley. All that wasted opportunity that we might have been together! He didn't know I was here, and I didn't know he was

just across the bay. Recently I came across a telephone directory that had been made exclusively for representatives at the United Nations. Sure enough, there was his name, Antonio Espinoso de la Monteros. He was strictly Catholic but fairly liberal, and we had many discussions about philosophy and religion. This was one thing that turned me against the whole idea of becoming a preacher.

I turned to medicine rather spectacularly. I was on a vacation, and I'd come home to McKeesport. I was with my Grandfather Hartman on a streetcar.

Mr. Mosher

This is while you were in school at Gettysburg?

Dr. Hartman

Yes, but I was back in McKeesport. My grandfather said, "What do you intend to do?" and I said, "Well, I'm not sure now." So he said, "Why don't you be like Uncle Vic? Who do you admire?" I said, "Well, all of them, even more than my father. As much as I admire you, Grandfather, I have always loved and admired Uncle Vic, and if I could be somebody like Uncle Vic I couldn't ask for any better."

He was a general practitioner, highly respected, capable, very kind. The menfolk in all our families were very kind men; there were no whippings, no harsh treatment, and Grandfather and Uncle Vic were just that kind of men. As a matter of fact, when any of us got sick nobody ever died; Uncle Vic could always save us. I had scarlet fever followed by pneumonia and was not expected to live. I can remember being quarantined and my father putting a ladder to the side of the house and climbing the ladder to look at me through the window a day or so before I was supposed to die. But there again, Uncle Vic pulled me through--and that's the kind of a person I wanted to be. So I immediately made up my mind I'd go into medicine.

Then we moved from Gettysburg to Southern California. We went there because Grandfather had moved out here, and John had moved out here, and they thought it was paradise. There were so many opportunities. So we followed, and we lived in Los Angeles.

Mr. Mosher

Who is the "we" you speak of?

Dr. Hartman:

The whole family. Father, mother, my two sisters, and myself. We moved down to Los Angeles. There I went into the University of Southern California. I repeated some courses because I wanted to get a little firmer idea of medicine. I went on, took my premed, and then qualified to enter Stanford Medical School.

I was very pleased with the training at USC. Dr. von Kleinschmidt was then president, and he did an excellent job; I was very pleased with my premedical course. Then I came up to Stanford about 1929 and unfortunately took sick. It was a combination of overwork, bad colds, and the possibility that I was coming down with tuberculosis. After the first year and one quarter of the second year I was unable to go on. For another year or so after that I was home recuperating, going from one doctor to another because of my parents' anxiety that some spots on my lung were tuberculosis. This was never proven, but it did affect my later life very seriously--I suppose fortuitously. That illness taught me a lot. I'd never been ill before except for the pneumonia as a child. Now that I could think this thing through I was very resentful that a fellow who had lived such a clean life, who had tried to be everything to everybody--true to friends, family, country, you name it--should come down with something that they couldn't solve. I became depressed and very bitter.

After lying around for a year or so and nobody knowing what the problem was, I absolutely insisted on breaking ties and leaving Los Angeles. I came back to medical school. I was pretty hypochondriacal for a while--everything bothered me--but I made it and finished medical school with decent honors. As a senior student I worked as an intern at Stanford Hospital, and I got a rotating internship at the City and County Hospital of San Francisco on Potrero Street. I later became a house officer over there with a second house officership in surgery. In those days specialization wasn't so strict. I got a good broad training in medicine, surgery, obstetrics, and emergency medicine.

Mr. Mosher

We're now into the thirties?

Dr. Hartman

Yes.

Mr. Mosher

The Depression didn't bother you at that point?

Dr. Hartman

I was in school during the Depression, so it didn't make much difference. Dad was having a bad time. At Stanford I got $10 a month. At the City and County I got $23.50 a month.

After my training at City and County I got an offer to go to Children's Hospital in Los Angeles. I was interested in pediatrics, so I went to Children's Hospital and trained there for a couple of years as an assistant resident and then as a resident. ZAIDA WORKED IN AN OIL LEASING CO.

Mr. Mosher

The paltry wages that you speak of were not because of the Depression but because you were an intern?

Dr. Hartman

Yes, that was it. At Children's Hospital I got $50 a month. Zaida[1] came along with me, and she helped me very considerably.

Mr. Mosher

I was just going to ask at what point you met her.

Dr. Hartman

Zaida was a blind date at the time I was recuperating at USC and earning a Master's Degree in biology and embryology, working with Dr. Howard. I was looking around for things to do and dates and that sort of thing. A good friend of my sister's, Henry John, met me one day on the campus and said "Gosh, you gotta help me out! I've

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[1]Dr. Hartman's wife.

got two women tonight to date at the same party. You've just got to fill in for me." I did. It was a party after USC had been licked unexpectedly by Stanford, 15 to 12. I was very unpopular! The "celebration" went flat, and we played cards, of all things, until 3 o'clock! But that evening I saw a girl who was with a dental student. She was beautiful, with rather reddish auburn hair, poised, everything. I almost fell in love with her right there--to the disadvantage of the girl I was with. Anyway these two girls were very friendly, so I told Henry, "I want to meet that girl." Henry dated up with the girl I'd taken out in place of him, and I went with Zaida.

I already had a girl I was very interested in and might have married if Zaida hadn't come along. But Zaida was just everything to me, even though I went back to school and didn't see her very often. She came up once or twice to parties at Palo Alto. It's interesting that dear Henry took care of her, dated her, and kept her in line as a surrogate boyfriend until I was ready to marry her, and he was best man at our wedding.

Mr. Mosher

What year was this?

Dr. Hartman

We were married in 1932. During my residency at City and County, Zaida worked as a ward clerk with Dr. DeForest BARNETT, Professor of Medicine, mounting EKGs, taking histories, that sort of thing. I was somewhat her boss too.

When I was at Stanford I'd heard about Marin County. It's interesting that when I went back to medical school after my illness and was trying to recuperate, the thing I would do was to drive around. I had an old Rickenbacker--a car that didn't last very long but was a good little car.

Mr. Mosher

Sort of the predecessor of the Edsel!

Dr. Hartman

Yes. We drove this car clear across the continent when we came to Southern California. We had it fixed up

to carry all our camping equipment. Then I inherited it, because I was still tired and weak. We had to leave from the old medical school and go over to the City and County Hospital. This was done oftentimes in rainy weather--taking streetcars and standing on the corner. So Dad gave me the Rickenbacker. I'd take the Rickenbacker and fill it with some of my friends and take the ferry and come over here to Marin County.

I remember once going through Marin County; I see it as clearly as I could when it happened. I was passing through Mill Valley just in front of Goddard's office. I remember saying, "My God! I wonder what kind of a doctor would stay in a place like this and practice"--little knowing that that was exactly what was going to happen to me.

Marin County was a place I could go to and relax and enjoy the scenery. My plans, of course, were to go back to Southern California and practice down there.

There was another interesting jaunt that I used to make--while Henry was taking care of Zaida! I had some relatives that promoted me to meet a girl by the name of Olga. I don't even remember her last name. She went to Castilleja Girls' School in Palo Alto. Olga's mother was a widow; her father had been a very prominent doctor who died suddenly. They made all sorts of passes at me, frankly. Olga liked me but--I don't know--I couldn't be any more than just friendly with Olga. I used to go over at their request. I was embarrassed about this many times, but it was good for my morale and health and everything else, and they were very nice people.

I'd go there on a Saturday and ride around in her Buick car, doing the driving. We'd have a nice supper. She'd go over to the dormitory at Mills, and I'd take her bedroom in her own home. Everything was just laid out for me to fall in love with Olga. They were very sophisticated, nice people, but something just didn't click. All this time there was this love I had for Zaida. I was very faithful; I'd always been faithful. She's the only girl I really ever loved. I'm always proud of the fact that my morals have been beyond reproach, and Olga never made the grade.

There was a funny offshoot of this relationship with Olga: Zaida had an attack of appendicitis, so I went

down south to see her. I was at home when the phone rang and this voice came over the phone, "Do you know who is speaking?" I said, "Oh, it's Olga!" Well, it turned out to be Zaida! I couldn't make it fast enough to the hospital to apologize. The first thing she wanted to know of course was who was Olga? I had a rather hard time explaining. Later on, of course, I explained to her (to prove my faithfulness) how the opportunities up north were laid out in front of me with great temptations, but it never took. I still go through that horror of saying "Oh, this is Olga!"

Mr. Mosher

In the long run that probably improved your relationship.

Dr. Hartman

It probably did.

We came up north because we didn't like Southern California. There were opportunities there, but Gus Giberson, a classmate of mine, was practicing in Belvedere, and I had met Leo Stanley[1] prior to going to Children's Hospital. He had said, "I'll keep an opening for you; if you really want to learn medicine and be your own boss, you come up here to the prison." Claire Harper had been a resident with me at the City and County Hospital, and he was there at the prison I got the impression that with six thousand prisoners, this was a training ground that would be superb for general practice.

When I finished two years at Children's Hospital, Stanley again invited me to come to San Quentin. San Quentin, as I say, had the men, and it had the patients. It had a three-story building, the Neumiller Hospital, which in those days was as good if not better than the two private hospitals we had--Cottage Hospital and Ross Hospital.

So I accepted. I came up and took this job of doing everything over at the prison. At that time the Golden Gate Bridge wasn't in. We had to set fractures, take care of bullet wounds and stabbings, treat poisonings and sick-

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[1]Leo L. Stanley, M.D., chief medical officer at San Quentin prison from 1913 until his retirement in 1951.

nesses, and do all the surgery; we had our own laboratory to run. It was a self-sufficient unit.

Every month or so we would travel down to Tehachapi and spend one or two days operating on the women down there--from morning to night. So I got a good surgical background, doing everything and figuring it all out myself. Stanley would help sometimes. He was a well-trained surgeon--self-trained, frankly. He made a trip around the world and left me in charge of San Quentin for about four months, so I ran the joint for awhile.

There was no danger in those days. I felt perfectly free in going across the main yard or going anywhere. I was a friend of the prisoners, the inmates. Actually, I think they protected me. As a matter of fact, the days and nights that I would be on call I stayed at the prison, at the hospital, in a cell with the door open. I just stayed there like all the other prisoners. We used to have wonderful times together--song fests in the evening. We did this several times.

Many of those men over there were murderers. They had committed one murder, a crime of passion, but they were fairly intelligent people. Beesmyer[1] was over there at the time.

Mr. Mosher

Who was that?

Dr. Hartman

He was an embezzler of $9 million in Los Angeles. A lot of the men I associated with over there were just like the men you would meet out in the public. They probably had learned their lesson, and they got to be very friendly. We had a wonderful cook in the prison hospital. He made wonderful pies. We had a man who could open locks, and the pies were missing every so often. I was one of the culprits with the fellows who would open the door into the kitchen and take all the pies. They wouldn't have any pies the next day. Nobody ever knew how it was done.

One of these men was a three-time loser who was a

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[1]Gilbert H. Beesmyer, officer of a savings and loan company, convicted of embezzlement.

clever thief. He had come in from Oroville with a ruptured ulcer. In the middle of the night, with only an inmate assisting me, I opened up his belly and closed this hole, and he lived. He said I had saved his life, and for this reason when he got out he came to my office and offered to get me anything I wanted. He knew just where to go to get a doctor's bag. He knew where to get a fur coat for my wife--and even maybe a car if I really seriously needed a second car. He said that's the only thing he knew.

I learned a lot at the prison. I learned a good bit of criminology. Unpleasantly, I witnessed and had to count out six or seven men who were hanged. I witnessed and officiated at the hanging of the yacht bandit[1]. I don't know how I did it as well as I did. I never felt sorry for the men; I always thought of their victims as they dropped through the trap. These were all hangings.

Mr. Mosher

There is a cynical theory, you know, which says they are indeed pretty much like everyone else. The chief difference is that they're the ones who have been caught.

Dr. Hartman

Yes, that's right. I think I treated them as decently as I could, realizing they were frail human beings. The "birdman"[2] was over there. A movie was made of him. And "Bluebeard,"[3] who killed about a dozen women. He was really a delightful fellow to meet.

At San Quentin we did about thirty major surgeries a month. Lots of plastic surgery in those days, believe it or not. Dr. Stanley had a technique of changing the features of some men. We would actually have to rephotograph them when we got through--setting back ears, face-

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[1]Bank robber Lloyd Edison Sampsell.

[2]Robert F. Stroud, subject of a book by Thomas E. Gaddis titled "Birdman of Alcatraz," later made into a motion picture.

[3]James P. Watson, nicknamed "Bluebeard" by the San Francisco press.

lifting, putting toothbrush handles as bone replacements in saddleback noses, taking out big scars, taking off ugly pornographic tattoos. I got a lot of training.

Mr. Mosher

What was the purpose in this? Just to make them look better or to change their personality?

Dr. Hartman

Their personality would change when they looked better, frankly. If they had a syphilitic nose, saddleback, we would go in from the inside and actually take a toothbrush handle and shave it down to shape and stick it under there. You could wiggle it back and forth, but it looked damned good when we got through, and we never had any infections. Those were the days before penicillin. We just used the best sterile technique we could.

Mr. Mosher

They always requested this, I take it.

Dr. Hartman

Oh yes! We had a whole file. You could go to the file and you could find anything you wanted to do, from eye surgery (such as pterygiums) to mastoids. I remember one of the fairies got stabbed in the mastoid process with a homemade knife made out of a nail file. I have it at home yet as a souvenir. I had to do a mastoid on him. I hadn't had much experience doing mastoids. We just did the things we had to do, and rarely did we get any experts to come over from the city. They just wouldn't come, or it was too late for them to come.

Syphilis was rather prevalent then. We had a long syphilitic line.

I learned a lot about skin problems from the jute mill. I finally got Dr. George Kulchar to come over and give us some more instruction on how to handle some of these skin problems.

I initiated some seminars there, feeling we were doing the same old thing that Stanley and other men had been doing. I felt that the quality of our medical care

should have been improved. It was a wonderful place, having a clientele that couldn't run away. And you could get men from Stanford or the University of California to come over and run experiments on some of the new treatments, willingly.

Mr. Mosher

They weren't likely to sue you, either.

Dr. Hartman

No, the idea of suit was never even thought of. As a matter of fact, everybody wanted to get into the "pogey." The pogey was the hospital. Anything to get out of the yard or out of work in the furniture factory, the jute mill, and so forth. I'm sure they'd even hurt themselves just to come into the hospital and see the doctors. We never had to make anybody come in.

We had lots of hernias, and of course there was always the emergency surgery--gallbladders, ruptured ulcers, appendicitis, and so forth. So I got a very excellent surgical training, probably better there than I would have gotten waiting my turn in a recognized hospital where all the junior attending men were still trying to hold on to everything they could.

Mr. Mosher

It's hard to imagine starting out with a more diversified training than that. How long were you there?

Dr. Hartman

I was there two years; I was starting my third year. In the meantime I had started taking over Giberson's practice in Belvedere. He was a different kind of a man. He was a bachelor and a ladies' man. He liked the water. His patients didn't particularly like me.

It was a very bad place to practice. That was the end of the Southern Pacific railroad line in Tiburon, and those people used the railroad doctor. The people on the hill, the aristocrats, all had their personal doctors in the city. So I would be the little guy in the middle that was called out on an emergency, either

for a railroader or an aristocrat up on the hill. I never held a case, because the next day or so Clark would take over the railroader, and the guy on the hill would go over to the city to see his own doctor!

I had an office in my home right next to the Yacht Club, second floor, front room, and I saw a fair number of people. Then one day Ollie Sollom came to me and tried to sell me a Ford. I don't remember if I bought the Ford or not, I don't think I did. But Ollie said, "Why don't you move out of this damned place? There's a vacancy up in Mill Valley." So I came up here. My first thought was to move into a place on the corner of Throckmorton and Bernard, but Don Fowler[1] had moved in there. Wilson Goddard was the other doctor, so I was coming in as the third doctor. That was when Landrock was about to go east and specialize in proctology, so there was, in a sense, a vacancy for a general practitioner.

Mr. Mosher

Was this about 1935?

Dr. Hartman

This would be about '35. So I met Bill Nostrand,[2] and he found an office for me on the second floor of the Keystone Building. I was there for almost exactly twenty years. First we had one little tiny room at the head of the stairs. Zaida was my secretary. I expanded into the next room, on the corner. There was the Cottage Tea Room there then. The kitchen was right next to my examining room. This was both good and bad--the smell of food in my office, but very convenient for eating. The Cottage Tea Room went out, and I took the whole thing over. I had more room than I really needed. Later on Bill Pemberton[3] sublet it from me when he came in.

I paid $85 a month all the time I was there. For twenty years I only paid $85, and I think I got $15 a

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[1]A physician who practiced in Mill Valley for many years.

[2]Mill Valley realtor.

[3]William Pemberton, consulting psychologist.

month from Bill for subletting his little corner. Bill and I became extremely good friends. He kind of supplemented my attitude towards general practice.

As I said, when I was at Southern California I met a Dr. Mount. He was professor of psychology. My religious attitudes and the question of philosophy and psychology led me to be a very good friend of Dr. Mount. He and I used to go around, when I was recuperating down there, and we would investigate mediums and all the tricks they could play and how they did it. He was the first man I came across who used hypnosis. He did it very well--so well that he was reprimanded and his job was threatened because he was using hypnosis in his classwork--mostly for getting tardy students there on time. We did a number of demonstrations together. I was sort of his assistant on demonstrating the power of hypnosis. He and I were also interested in the School of Law, and I remember a number of times when we put on some pretty good shows.

When I came up here from Children's Hospital child psychology was important to me. I met Bill Pemberton and later on Hayakawa,[1] and they were just natural buddies of mine. My idea and Bill's idea was that I would take care of all the physical problems of people, then I would get Bill into the act and he'd take care of their psychological problems. This did not work out, surprisingly, because once I was doing my own psychological help, I did this quite satisfactorily. One of the things I am proudest of is the fact that I straightened a lot of people out--just by talking to them, having the knack to hear them and their problems and give them fairly simple solutions, I suppose.

Of course, in those days there weren't very many psychiatrists. It reached the point at one time where I was getting kind of bored with the practice of medicine. I was getting so many patients I began to think either that I was establishing a reputation or the other doctors in town were unloading them on me. It took a hell of a lot of time to hear these people out, and I got very involved with them, very psychologically concerned about them. I ran a series of tests and found out that about

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[1]S. I. Hayakawa, U. S. Senator (Republican) from California, a famed semanticist.

65 percent of the patients who came to my office had psychosomatic ailments. Some of these were real illnesses, such as ulcerative colitis and peptic ulcer disease, but many of them were people in distress rather than sick--the "worried well."

I decided if this was the way it was to be, and I was doing well enough, I should do even better. So I went to Langley Porter for three years. This was in the 1960s. I went over there all day Wednesday and Friday afternoons. I worked in the outpatient department and met a number of people that were very much like my own people. I did not work with the psychotics or the alcoholics or drugs or that sort of thing. These were people that just had the same problems as patients who came to my office. I learned an awful lot, and much to my satisfaction I did a lot of good for these people because I was not a psychiatrist.

My interest in psychology and mental health took me to a meeting one day. I remember the flyer that came around. It was a brilliant orange flyer: "Come to a Mental Health Society meeting. Red Cross Building in San Rafael." I went and I sat in the back of the room. Dave Schmidt was then the president. They were trying to make the society into a going concern because attendance was falling off. Dave came back and said, "You don't know it but you're the next president. I'm resigning, and there is nobody better to take it." So I became president of the Mental Health Society before I became a member.

I took it seriously and I broadened the base. I got Hale Shirley into it. He was a child psychologist living in Mill Valley. Between my work and Schmidt's and Shirley's we built the Mental Health Society into really a very successful organization, getting lay people in instead of keeping it professional. We had monthly meetings at the Tamalpais High School and San Rafael High School where we filled the auditorium with good speakers, outstanding speakers. This went on for a couple of years. So in a way I take a lot of credit for starting it. It was called the Mental Hygiene Society then. Now it is called the Mental Health Society.

My experience over at Langley Porter proved several things. Number one, believe it or not, I got a higher

respect for psychiatrists than I'd had previously. Second, I got the idea out of my system of becoming exclusively a psychiatrist. I wanted to do more than listen to my patients. Either I took them too seriously or identified with them too much. I decided to do those things I was well qualified to do and had been doing, so I went back to medicine, surgery, and obstetrics. But I think I profited a great deal in learning a lot about psychodynamics and probably helped people as much that way as I did by operating on them or any of the other things that straight medicine was doing.

Mr. Mosher

The idea that the body is a unit rather than a group of parts seems terribly obvious now, but at that time it wasn't as widely recognized.

Dr. Hartman

Yes, that's true. Psychosomatic medicine was just coming in. The first book on psychosomatic medicine by Weiss and English came out about that time. I remember the preface said, "Approximately sixty-five percent of your patients will be psychosomatic," and it was exactly what I had determined on my own.

Well, let's see. I joined the Rotary Club in 1936, so today I am the oldest member of the Mill Valley Rotary Club. I joined the medical societies and was president of the Marin Medical Society during the war years. I was the one who wanted to hire an executive secretary--who came in later and now runs the society.

We had lots of discussions about socialized medicine under Truman at that time. I began to get interested in public speaking and found that I could improve myself. In the early fifties I joined the Toastmasters, in which I have been very active ever since. I learned the ability to think on my feet and give speeches. As a result of a lot of traveling I think I've been doing a pretty good job, at least quite satisfactory, giving slide shows and talks on the various places I've been. And, like yourself, I've always been interested in history.

I think Toastmasters has given me an idea of reading differently. I read with the idea of summarizing it, to make a little talk out of it, so I review it and I retain

it better than just reading it once and nearly forgetting it. Everything I read has a possibility of a vignette or a talk, and I use the Toastmasters as a workshop to give some of my topics.

I thought at one time of having a medical Toastmasters, and six years ago I started a group. This did not work. Doctors do not like to. . . .they're not interested in improving their speech craft; they want to listen. Our school system is a lecturing type of system. But as an outgrowth of that attempt to start a medical Toastmasters, for the last six years we've had a very fine symposium every month, which is given Category 1 credit (advanced training in medical education), which you have to have these days in order to keep your license. The symposium I started about five or six years ago has been going on every month. If I hadn't been a Toastmaster, I don't think I ever would have started that thing or run it as I do--making it into sort of a dialogue between the speaker and the general practitioners. And it is for the general practitioners.

Mr. Mosher

I want to run back just a second if I may. You mentioned national health medicine, or whatever you called it. With all your background and experience, I'd be happy to hear you talk about that a little bit more, because it seems to be coming up again as an issue.

Dr. Hartman

Truman's idea was not health insurance. It wasn't an insurance plan. It was for a kind of nationalized medicine. I knew there were a lot of things wrong with medicine, as there are today, but I didn't think this was the way out. I was committed to my concept of the establishment. I am an establishment man, I'd say -- quite conservative, a Republican. I go right down the middle of almost everything, and I try to keep open-minded. But when the chips are down I'm a conservative. I always feel that the man that's in there, whatever he's trying to do (unless he is making an obvious bad job) probably knows the job as well as some of the people who think they could do a lot better. That's where Bill Pemberton and I sort of differ. He's always for throwing the rascals out; I'm always for giving the guy a chance.

Anyhow, I was really going around talking about the A.M.A.,[1] which was then under bitter attack. Nobody realized how the A.M.A. was formed and what it did, its history of cleaning up the diploma mills and increasing the quality of medical education. Their contribution to American life was much underestimated. I was bringing them up to date on the A.M.A. too, as well as saying I was against the national health plan. I haven't taken the stump very much on that since. There are others who have done better, and I have mixed feelings about the whole thing.

Mr. Mosher

The A.M.A. has been criticized for lots of things. One of the things they have been criticized for is the fairly general feeling they have created a fraternal organization in which doctors tend to stand up for each other no matter how incompetent they are.

Dr. Hartman

Well, you only hear about the unusual, the minority. I think we realize, as physicians, that medicine is not a science, it is an art. And some men, including doctors, are more artful than others! Some of the things that happened (I can speak now after forty years of experience) that were blamed on the doctor were simply because he, at weak times, let a situation get out of hand. Many of those situations were much more the public's fault or the patient's fault than the doctor's. Actually it's sort of a shared responsibility when there is poor medicine.

This could be a whole subject in itself. I could write a book, I think, on why medicine isn't practiced better. There are books in this very library on how to use your doctor, how to test your doctor, how to pick a good doctor. Many times you can't practice good medicine because the patient just won't let you. Oftentimes they won't cooperate. There is lots of noncompliance--not believing your diagnosis, not following through, not able to follow through, not understanding you. Then there is the cost of medical care; this is a big thing.

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[1] American Medical Association.

I've seen the great change from the days when I was a little god around here. I was probably the most influential, the most trusted, guy in the town. Even the other two doctors were, as you know. One of them wasn't always on the job, yet he was looked up to as a superman. I think it's an honor to have been a doctor, and this makes me feel the responsibility all the more. I don't like attacks on medicine or on doctors. It always hurts me personally.

There are bad doctors; there's no question about that. There are doctors who simply don't have the ability, what it takes to follow through. It's the art, the humanness, that's lacking. The technical side is oftentimes there.

Mr. Mosher

I think we have to understand that people have a tendency to be looking for too much. This is part of the problem.

Dr. Hartman

Absolutely. They want too much. We in medicine have propagandized ourselves into this, especially in pediatrics. We have all these well children coming in over and over again. The pediatrician has taken all the children away from the general practitioner. Everybody wants a specialist these days; the general practitioner is really low man on the totem pole. In my day, if you weren't able to do a caesarean, able to do this and do that, and if you called in a specialist you were almost asking to have the case taken away from you. This happened many times.

Mr. Mosher

This is in direct conflict with the feeling you've built up over the years in treating the whole person.

Dr. Hartman

Today it's just the opposite. Specialists do not take over the patient. The ethics are much stricter. The public now expects or demands that a specialist will be called in, without relinquishing the family doctor.

Usually the specialist does not want the general practitioner to step out; he needs him. We'll never do without the generalist. No country has ever done without the family physician, whether he is a barefoot doctor in China or the rather poorly paid, limited general practitioner in England, where they have socialized medicine. He's a must.

Mr. Mosher

We need somebody in charge of the store, to direct operations.

Dr. Hartman

That's right. The best we can do is to do the best we can for those many illnesses. We are the ones who ought to be the general diagnositican, the best diagnostician across the board, because we get the cases early, and our decisions are sometimes crucial. We can help pick the best specialist. We know which specialist will work best with us, who is best for the patient, which doctor is more superb in a specialty than another. We are an advocate, you might say, and a representative of our patient--which, of course, is quite different from the days when we first started.

Mr. Mosher

I think most people have a tendency to be always, in varying degrees, looking for leadership. I think this can be seen in its most exaggerated form in the expectations concerning a doctor.

Dr. Hartman

Medicine (and all science) has gone forward so rapidly--drug therapy, heart surgery.

The worst things that we have to deal with in America. . . .I do not know whether this is true of other civilizations, but the two things which most people think just can't be allowed to happen here in America are growing old and dying. You are supposed to be young forever. You can't use that as a cop-out when people actually are just withering away, because everyone has this feeling that people don't die, and when they do it is somebody's fault. It's either the patient's fault because he didn't

take care of himself or it's somebody else's fault--the doctor's fault, maybe. There's fault-finding. We live in a tremendous age of guilt complexes in America--the tendency to find fault and sue.

We also have a tendency to label and stereotype things. It's easy to put a name on something, even though the name means nothing but a cover-up, or to find somebody at fault in an accident, a miscarriage of justice, or a malpractice suit, and get a nice lump of money.

The whole malpractice picture today is nobody's fault but the public itself, as far as I'm concerned. As you probably know, three quarters of the suits are won by doctors anyhow, let alone the number of suits that never even go to court because they are not valid. There must be much less malpractice than is apparent.

Mr. Mosher

What's the best solution to this, in your view?

Dr. Hartman

I don't know. As I say, it goes back to the public mores. It isn't only in medicine. Lawyers are being sued for misconduct or losing a suit. Everybody is suing everybody else. The first thing that pops into anybody's mind when he's stepped on or hurt or insulted is suit. Any complication that occurs today can invite a suit. A big thing like a miscarriage of an operation is thought to be uncalled-for. It just isn't supposed to happen. In other words, it's almost assumed that we do perfect work.

It's almost a prejudgment that somebody is at fault if you get an infection, yet these things are bound to happen. If it's tonsils, somebody will bleed. Somebody is going to bleed having a baby. And when these things happen, there is always somebody waiting around to sue. The interesting thing is that it's not the patient that usually sues; it's somebody in the family.

Mr. Mosher

It gets back to what you were saying: fault, blame.

Dr. Hartman

Blame and material compensation, which means money.

I've been sued twice. The first time was because the hospital was sued, and I was just swept in. This was at the old Cottage Hospital in San Rafael. A parolee from San Quentin who was being rehabilitated was watching a patient of mine who was having a transfusion. He let the blood go into the tissues of her arm, and he let the damned thing run until the arm became swollen. She claimed it injured the circulation so she couldn't raise her arm. My records showed that she had a bad arm before the operation, a hysterectomy. Of course the hospital was sued, and I was swept in. The patient didn't want to sue me, but the husband did.

The hospital got off the hook (the suit against it was only for $17,000), and I had to stand trial alone for $25,000. I was acquitted, but much to my amazement I wasn't as free of blame as I thought I was. It was interesting, after polling the jury, to learn that it was a narrow squeak that I wasn't found guilty.

Mr. Mosher

You had insurance, of course?

Dr. Hartman

Oh, I had insurance. But what they expected of me was. . . . Their feeling was that I should have been there all the time during the transfusion. I had operated in the morning, and she'd lost enough blood that it dropped her blood pressure, so I ordered a transfusion, which was legitimate. No doctor, as I explained to the court, no doctor is going to sit around watching blood or fluids go in. This is a hospital procedure, part of the hospital's responsibility. The doctor assumes it will be properly taken care of by hospital technique.

The other suit was sort of vindictive. I had a patient whose husband was an alcoholic. She had been beaten up by him many times and had come in to see me as a nervous wreck. I hadn't seen her for about three months, and I heard she was working on the telephone board at the I-J,[1] so I called her. She came in that evening about 5 o'clock. I had a whole room of patients that I had to see, but I took her into the laboratory and talked to her. She said, "Oh, I'm so glad you called."

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[1]San Rafael Independent-Journal.

She was a nervous wreck. She had lost twenty pounds. But I spent the whole time listening about her husband. She said he was making passes at their own daughter. He claimed their son was not his, that when he was away at war somebody else impregnated her. Anyway, when the woman came in with this nervousness and loss of weight, we talked about nothing but her family. I said, "You've got to come back. You look terrible."

My records show that I phoned her twice, trying to get in touch with her, but I didn't hear from her for months and months. She eventually went to Arnold Nutting, who was the I-J doctor. He found cancer of the vagina, which later eroded into the rectum. She had extensive surgery and chemotherapy, but in September she was about to die. Her husband tried to get her to sign a complaint against me, and she refused. She died, and he filed a complaint of negligent death, suing for $300,000. This was later cut down.

This husband was a vindictive guy. He worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad, and I was a Southern Pacific doctor. On several occasions when he was stewed and was thrown out of saloons down in Tiburon he would call me to come down there. I refused to do it; I said I would see him if he came to the office. He said I was the SP doctor, and I had to do it. I said, "I don't have to do it under these circumstances." This angered him. So the suit was vindictive.

Well, I had a good defense, and I wanted to see the thing through. The Medical Protective Society, which then had my insurance, talked me out of it--which might have been a mistake. I could have won hands down, but they settled for $7,000. Half went to the lawyer and half to the husband. It certainly did not hurt my practice, but it caused a lot of unpleasantness all the way around, and it worried me.

This was many years ago, before the real impetus of lawsuits, as we are facing today. This has forced our rates up 300 percent.

Those are the only experiences I had. Today, contrary to the time when we were doing everything with very little insurance, we just don't do anything. I don't do any more assisting at surgery because I have very little protection if something should go wrong surgically. I

don't do any more obstetrics, because I'd have to pay thousands of dollars more for that privilege. As it is, it's plenty. I have to pay the insurance company $12,000 to $15,000 a year for the privilege of having protection from malpractice.

The malpractice suits that go on in the county and elsewhere--most of these are simply nuisance suits and are dismissed. They may go to court, but rarely do they win. However, they disturb your peace of mind terribly. There have been, for instance, some very big suits on "questionable procedures". Many of these were rather experimental procedures used by men who are making advances in medicine. Incidentally, the most sued people are the best-trained people, men who make the least mistakes. They're the ones that get the big suits.

Mr. Mosher

How does that figure?

Dr. Hartman

I don't know. Maybe they have the insurance. You know--why sue if the doctor doesn't have anything to get? That's one type of big awards--or big suits; it's about fifty-fifty whether they win or lose.

Some of the suits are valid. The man who did all the back surgery. . . . Where was it, near Pittsburg? Something should have been done about that fellow, and he rightfully got what he deserved.

I know that I am living in a county which has the highest quality of doctors that a community could have. I say this truthfully and proudly. People in this county are fortunate. You can hardly get a poorly trained doctor; it doesn't happen in this county.

We do have grievance committees. People can do many things before suing. They can see their own doctor and talk it over; they can go to the grievance committee. The insurance committees that we have today have arbitration grouping. Most of us want anything that is a true malpractice to be properly recompensed. Unfortunately, too many people are suit-minded. Many of these things are bound to happen, even in the most qualified hands.

Mr. Mosher

As you say, it isn't just doctors. Lawyers and everyone else are getting in on this.

I've heard reference a number of times, Rod, to the fact that you were the only doctor here during World War II, at least part of the time.

Dr. Hartman

I was the only fully active doctor. There were Dr. Leland and Dr. Didier. They were both either retired or part-time doctors. There was another doctor who was here for a while and got into a lot of trouble. He was refused staff privileges at the hospital. There was a big hue and cry. His name reached the newspapers. The newspapers were all for the little doctor who was being discriminated against, but I can assure you, seeing the results of some of his mistakes, I was horrified. The hospital staff had every right in the world to refuse him. I know of cases in which he made horrible mistakes. Yet he was supported by the public and the newspapers, and it looked like we were crucifying him. The truth of the matter is, I don't know of any group which polices itself more strictly than physicians. I don't think lawyers do that. I don't think preachers do that. I don't think real estate people do that.

Mr. Mosher

Well, the consequences of error are so severe.

Dr. Hartman

Yes, that's right. Morbidity, mortality, and economics. Even if you're not making mistakes--if you seem to be doing too many of this or too many of that, or if things are not going right--there is an investigation from your chief of staff and your section head. There's a little meeting, this is discussed, and you're brought to terms with the facts. We do audits--for instance, on all the tonsillectomies that have been done for maybe the last year or so, we find out how many bleeders there were, how long it takes, recovery, and so on. This is done on a great many cases in order for the hospital to be accredited. They have to do so many audits on the quality of medical care.

Mr. Mosher

Was there anything unique about your practice during the war?

Dr. Hartman

Well, I was overworked. My office was full, day and night. I ran three evening office hours. I became ill--more tired than ill, probably. After the war it took me about two years to recuperate. I didn't get into the service. They wouldn't take me because of my past health history. They turned me down over and over again when I reapplied. I even went so far as being examined and almost measured for a uniform, and then they'd keep me waiting every sixty days.

It was on my conscience. I was afraid that after the war was over I'd be considered a slacker who had found some reason why I could stay home. I carried a tremendous burden of guilt which hung over me for a long time, until I realized that many of my friends were out playing golf and building barracks, making short trips to interesting historical and archaelogical places, and whooping it up in the nearby cities. They really saw very little of the war. Many of them came back well trained, with experiences that made them qualify as specialists. I learned this rather gradually, so that I no longer feel guilty and am proud to say I did more than my share right here on the home front. That was the way it was to be, with the shipyard going. I was down there over and over again, in the shipyard area and Marin City.

Mr. Mosher

Were you a company doctor?

Dr. Hartman

No, no.

Mr. Mosher

You just got called?

Dr. Hartman

Just got called, because there was nobody else left

to do it. Other doctors, the few around like Leland and Didier, were too old. I was always the person called by the telephone company or the police department on any emergency. I helped get the ambulance that we had here in town, the Mill Valley ambulance.

Mr. Mosher

What hospitals did you have to draw on during the war?

Dr. Hartman

There was Cottage Hospital, which became San Rafael General when they put a wing on and modernized it. We had Ross Hospital. Then later Marin General was built--in the early fifties, if I remember right. Wilson Goddard did a remarkable job there in planning and working out the details of the Marin General Hospital. I played a small role in it.

Mr. Mosher

What sort of medical problems, if any, have typified your practice in Mill Valley? Anything in particular, or do you think of it as the same sort of practice you would have had had you been in Wyoming, say?

Dr. Hartman

I think the practice would have been about the same. I emphasized different things at different times. When I first came here from Children's Hospital and worked at the prison, I was really the first qualified pediatrician in Marin County. Ann Brady was practicing pediatrics exclusively in San Rafael, and she and I were even competitive sometimes, seeing people in each other's territory. My training in pediatrics was such that I did a pretty good job and had a large children's practice. Of course, when the qualified pediatricians came along the mothers and fathers wanted the "very best" doctors, the specialists, so that has dwindled to almost nothing today. I did a lot of obstetrics. I've had special training in obstetrics, but I gave that up six years ago.

My most brilliant case, as you probably know, was the delivery of Svetlana, Stalin's daughter, delivering

a baby girl, Stalin's granddaughter. I got to know Svetlana when she was here in February of that year, visiting Don Hayakawa[1]. I knew Don long before he was famous, along with Bill Pemberton and Doug Kelly. The four of us were all interested in general semantics and psychology.

Mr. Mosher

So you knew him before he became "Sam." Do you have any comment on that?

Dr. Hartman

We used to go to the Press Club symposiums on general semantics, and we met quite frequently.

I think Svetlana was having trouble with Wesley, her husband, at that time, and this pregnancy was totally unexpected. She was forty-four or forty-five. She had had two previous children. They were still in Russia, a boy and a girl. As you know, Svetlana had a number of husbands. She was married when she was very young, and she was married to somebody that Stalin insisted upon her marrying. She gave him up. Then she married an Indian, who died. She took his ashes to India and escaped. Then she married Wesley Peters, the brother of Don's wife[2]. She was surprised to find herself pregnant and came here to visit in February of that year. She threatened to miscarry, and of course Don called me.

I saw Svetlana, and I just did the usual things. If she was going to miscarry, she would have miscarried in spite of me. But she thought I was a savior. She had that Slavic attitude, sort of a mystery. She's a romanticist as a writer. She did her own writing; she didn't have ghost writers. She's a very intelligent, likeable woman, but with a true Slavic earthiness. I liked her very well. She was a nervous wreck, though, when she was here in Mill Valley. We'd had that bombing down there at the bank,[3] I can remember. She was trying to escape from anything that was a commune, and here she was stuck

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[1]Senator S. I. Hayakawa.

[2]Margedent Peters Hayakawa.

[3]The Bank of America at 60 Throckmorton Avenue.

with Wesley down there in Tucson with the commune type of living that she was trying to get away from. Don was too busy to do anything more than give her a room up here, and I think she was more or less neglected. Being pretty close to their house, I was up there quite frequently, talking to her, calming her down. She liked me, so she said, "I'm going to come back here in June and have my baby." Which she did.

She was here about a week, went into labor, and had no trouble. But of course the whole world woke up to the fact that the baby had been born here at Marin General. We had to cordon off the wing of the hospital. There were the newspapers, and everybody got in the act. I threatened anybody who gave the name of the doctor. The newspapers never knew I had delivered Svetlana until it came out a week or so later in one of the San Francisco papers. By that time the hue and cry had lulled, so I wasn't bothered by people coming to my office and asking a lot of stupid questions.

We've been in contact ever since, maybe once a year. The baby is doing fine. That was the last baby I delivered. I had already decided to quit obstetrics. It was too much for me. There were good obstetricians around. I did this more or less as a favor to her and to Don. But that's my only claim to fame that I can see, as far as famous people go.

I did take care of the pianist, Maxim Shapiro. Found him bleeding to death one day up on the hillside. He was as pale as that paper in front of you, breathing heavily, and weak. He was bleeding from an ulcer. I took him in my own car up to the hospital and filled him full of blood. He became a very good friend. He and Zaida, you know, started the concert series that Zaida participated in. Shapiro and Zaida ran this magnificent series for three or four years, I guess. I shouldn't prolong this, but I could tell you some very interesting vignettes about Maxim Shapiro.

Mr. Mosher

He is a pretty well-known international artist, so that would be very interesting.

Dr. Hartman

Well, he treated me like a valet, I suppose, or as

if I was his chauffeur. Once when he was going to put on a concert he changed his whole program at the last minute. He told me I was to go out on the stage and announce the French things that were going to be substituted for something else. I had to practice my French sitting in the back room, trying to imitate what he told me to say. Then I had to get up on the stage and say it properly.

Another time he was staying with a friend on Mt. Davidson, in the city. He had a concert in Mill Valley at eight o'clock that evening. It was a rainy day, and I went over good and early to pick him up. It was about 4:30, but it was in the fall of the year, and it was getting dark. I had a hell of a time finding the place. When I got there he wasn't ready; he had to go and play the piano in his friend's home for a while to get his fingers limbered up. Then after we left the house he said, "I can't go to Mill Valley immediately. I want to go through downtown and meet the quartet." I can't think of the name of this famous quartet; they used to play up on the hill here with our friend Artur Argiewicz.[1] Anyway, there was a letter from his wife, Jane, waiting for him there, and he thought he would feel better if he had this letter in his hand.

I went down through Twin Peaks in the heavy traffic, and we had to fool some time away with the quartet. I knew how Zaida must be feeling. I hurried him along, and we were going along Franklin Street when I had a flat tire! I was just able to drive into a service station. He was in the back seat, all dressed up, but he got out and gave the orders, "Get this wheel on!" Everybody thought he was a diplomat, I suppose, and they really changed the tire pretty quickly.

It was getting on toward 7:15. The concert started at the Park School auditorium at eight o'clock, I think. Well, he wanted fifteen minutes to lie down! He wanted a little tea. And a biscuit. So about twenty minutes to eight I took him home. You can imagine the state I was in by this time--and the worse state Zaida was in. He went to our house and had his tea and his biscuit.

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[1] Argiewicz, who lived on Tamalpais Avenue, was for many years concertmaster of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

He lay down for fifteen minutes. At a few minutes to eight I took him to Park School and got him ready to give his concert.

I never went through more anxiety with any famous person than that guy, Maxim Shapiro.

Mr. Mosher

Great artistic temperament!

Dr. Hartman

Oh, yes. He fought with Zaida lots of times. Very insulting. I wouldn't have put up with it, the way he used to bawl her out.

Mr. Mosher

Was he born and trained in Germany?

Dr. Hartman

No, he was Russian. Born in Russia. Russian Jew. He was a very brilliant man. It was nice to know him, and he helped Zaida with all the other artists that came.

Mr. Mosher

This lordly attitude you speak of is more or less characteristic of the artistic types from the old country. You didn't find too much of that here.

Have you ever figured out how many patients you've had in your more than forty years?

Dr. Hartman

No, I haven't even figured out how many babies I've delivered. I know that during the war there was one twenty-four-hour period when I delivered five babies. On two other occasions I delivered four. The greatest number of people I ever saw in twenty-four hours was seventy-five. And on one Saturday, from morning to midnight, I made twenty-six house calls. This was during a sort of flu epidemic. Remember, we had a polio epidemic, too.

Mr. Mosher

That was during World War II?

Dr. Hartman

Well, during '36 and '37. We had some polio during the war, too.

There was another interesting fact that you probably didn't know about. I was a part of the FBI around here. I was in my office one day when the war had just started, right after Pearl Harbor. I can remember when Pearl Harbor happened. I was making a house call when we heard the news, heard that the Japs were probably making an invasion attempt. I was on Miller Avenue in "pneumonia gulch." Remember?

A week or so after that a man came to the office and wanted to see me privately. He showed me his badge--FBI. He said, "We have reason to be very worried about certain people in this town. We want somebody to be sort of head man, to be on guard for certain things. Will you cooperate?"

I said of course I would cooperate. I look back now, and I think it was sort of a cloak-and-dagger façade. You know, the hysteria we had about the Japanese. We were all caught up with an exaggerated fear. There was a Jap behind every door and under every bed, and I was swept up with this, too. For a while I was doing all sorts of things that would have been very embarrassing had I been caught.

Mr. Mosher

This little impromptu surveillance concerned people they had specifically asked you about?

Dr. Hartman

Some of them were very specific, and some of them were our friends, people that were just questioned.

In the blackouts it was horrible because I had house calls to make. Those tiny little lights would get me nowhere. I would walk out to many a place in Tamalpais Valley. I would walk here and walk there. On one oc-

casion my car went dead, and I walked in the darkness from Alto Hill clear up to San Rafael with what I could carry out of my bag because I had to be there. I've forgotten whether it was a delivery or what.

During the war I delivered babies in their homes. I delivered one baby in Leslie Brown's old home next to his store. The Bryant baby I delivered there. I must have delivered a dozen or so babies in their homes during the war.

One time people were coming in from Bolinas headed for the hospital and just didn't make it. The baby was coming. Nina, my good nurse, brought sheets and covered the car, and I delivered the baby in the back seat of the car. There were two babies delivered right there in Lytton Square. We ought to put a monument down to those two people.

At first I delivered these babies alone. Then I got the bright idea of using Geneva Danford and Dick Danford.[1] Dick would give the anaesthetic. He was accustomed to that in his own office, you know. The three of us would go together. Geneva would help me as the nurse, and Dick would give the gas. The only trouble was he'd give himself as much gas as he gave the patient. Talk about laughing gas! He'd give it to the patient, then a little to himself, then give it to the patient. He'd just have a hell of a good time. Except I wasn't too happy about it. But he was just crazy on that darned gas. Even Geneva had to interrupt him several times.

Mr. Mosher

This was because you were delivering babies at home?

Dr. Hartman

Yes.

Mr. Mosher

It was in the late years of the war?

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[1]Dr. P. R. Danford, Mill Valley dentist.

Dr. Hartman

Yes. These were not "delivered." Oftentimes it was because we couldn't have gotten to the hospital, or they came too soon.

Mr. Mosher

Oh, I see.

I'd love to hear your comment on drugs. All doctors have great familiarity with drugs, and in the last decade we've gotten into a so-called drug culture. What contacts have you had with that?

Dr. Hartman

I've had very little, for a number of reasons. In the first place, officialdom frowns on private physicians taking care of drug addicts. Second, they're like alcoholics, which I dealt with when I first came to the county. All the alcoholics fell on me. Being interested in mental health, I'd do all I could to get these people off their alcohol. I'd meet them any old time. But really, they manipulated me very badly. I even went over twice to the city. I told this guy, "Don't you take a drink until I get over there!" I tried to talk him out of drinking in a saloon. On another occasion I went to see a woman in the YWCA, in the dormitory, and talked her out of it. My success was not very good. I wasn't satisfied that my efforts really paid off.

Mr. Mosher

It's a highly specialized field, to say the least.

Dr. Hartman

Yes it is. And drugs are about the same way. I don't think the average physician, the family physician, the general practitioner, should really take the lead in drug addiction. Most addicts will not get off the drug unless you institutionalize them, until they're in some place where they can be controlled.

Obesity is another thing you can't get very far with. There is a lot of noncompliance. Fortunately, it is not serious.

Mr. Mosher

These all tie in together with mental health interests, trying to treat the whole person. How about veneral disease?

Dr. Hartman

We never knew what venereal disease was in the early days when I was here. We had a lot of it over at the prison. As I said, we treated a fair number of syphilitics. I saw very few gonorrhea cases in the first five or ten years here. Then when the hippies came in the sixties we had a whole epidemic of it. Today we see very little venereal disease, or at least they don't come to me.

Mr. Mosher

There are clinics specializing in that sort of thing now, aren't there? That can make a big difference, can't it?

Dr. Hartman

Oh sure, that's right.

Mr. Mosher

I often think of Christian Scientists in connection with the practice of medicine. There are a lot of folk beliefs to the effect that no Christian Scientists ever go to the doctor for anything. In your experience is that true?

Dr. Hartman

Well, they come to the doctor too late. As a matter of fact, I wasn't in practice more than a week when I was requested to fill in a death certificate of a man who died of a strangulated hernia, needlessly, because he was being treated by Christian Science. Either they didn't know what he died of or didn't know even that he had a hernia. That man must have been in agony and must have suffered three or four days before he died a needless death.

When I was a medical student and was visiting at home

we knew a Christian Scientist by the name of Frank Sheppard. Dad knew him very well. He was on the radio down there, one of the anchor men on one of the bigger stations. He had two beautiful children. They both died of diptheria in the very heart of Los Angeles. I think a doctor could have saved them.

My father had two aunts who were Christian Scientists. When I was in training at Children's Hospital in Los Angeles Aunt Maggie broke her wrist, and of course I got the call. I took her to the hospital, x-rayed her, reduced her fracture, and put on a nice cast. Three or four days later she took the cast off because it was against Christian Science principles, and of course it all went to pot. For the rest of her life (she lived for another four or five years) she had a very stiff and painful wrist.

However, I must say that these two aunts who were Christian Scientists were almost blasé. They were euphoric about life itself. They went anywhere, did anything. Because God was always protecting, there was no such thing as ill or error in their lives. Aunt Maggie died, finally, of acute appendicitis--again, because of sheer neglect.

We had a teacher here in town. You probably knew her--a very fine primary teacher--who died of pneumonia. She was a Christian Scientist.

So my experiences with Christian Scientists have not been too good. I remember a delivery at Ross Hospital. The woman was a Christian Scientist. She would have no anaesthetic. She was going to have it the "natural way," which is a thing I believe in. In fact, all my obstetrics has always been pretty much the natural way. The last number of years I had six or seven women I delivered very successfully under hypnosis. So I was in no way doping the woman up or relieving too much pain. But this woman was a laughable case because she couldn't urinate. She was going to have her practitioner come in and help her urinate. She wasn't doing very well, and I was worried. She was in labor a long, long time. I finally called a specialist all the way from the city. He was annoyed that she hadn't urinated for an hour or so, and the practitioner was in there trying to get her to urinate, giving her the "treatment."

Finally the specialist got so disgusted he said, "Are you going to go in there and catheterize that patient so I can examine her? Otherwise I'm going to turn around and go back to the city and you can all go to hell!" So I ordered her catheterized. We never got along after that. She didn't pay her bill, and she made some disparaging remarks about how I handled her. I couldn't have done more for her.

It was like the time my father was killed. My father was hit by a motorcycle. Sam Bagshaw's wife, Marie Bagshaw, had lost a baby the year before under the care of another doctor. I wanted her to go back to him. It was nobody's fault. She came to me. She was six weeks overdue. She was in labor when I got the call that dad had been killed. I didn't go to the funeral; I stayed there and delivered her, even though it took another day or so. But after the funeral I went down to the family.

I felt pretty dedicated. I knew that Marie was in a real stew. She was in such a bad stew that one Sunday, a little before she delivered, I put her in the car and took her over to French Hospital. I had two or three specialists look at her to reassure her that I was right, that this was a matter of time and there was nothing to do, not to do a caesarean, and so forth. They talked her out of it.

Mr. Mosher

One of the reasons I raised the question of Christian Scientists is because we were discussing mental health a little bit earlier. Their concept has a certain amount of validity.

Dr. Hartman

Of course it has.

Mr. Mosher

And for that reason it has always interested me. It seems to me to be an example of a fairly valid concept sometimes carried too far.

Dr. Hartman

Right. Most of these cults--whatever you want to

call them, holistic medicine, preventive medicine--take a little bit of what is fact or truth and balloon it up to impossible situations. Ridiculous. Today, of course, food faddism is rampant. And we have all these holistic doctors. We didn't have that in my day. These are all men who say, "There are two kinds of doctors, doctors like Dr. Hartman who take care of sick people, and people like us who don't take care of sick people; we just tell you how to stay well." As for preventive medicine, don't get me started on that! Because I think we do as much trying to prevent illness as anybody else, but we're not listened to.

It's awfully hard to prevent things you can't predict, of course. Cancer and such things happen in spite of us. But our advice is not always followed. People still smoke. I rarely chastise anyone about smoking. If they haven't learned by this time about smoking, why should I bring it up?

I talk about their overweight, I talk about this and that, but people don't change their life-style. They just wait to fall to pieces--and get picked up again. You'd be surprised at the number of people who get into the same messes over and over again. It's just like marriage. They marry the same type of a woman that they just recently divorced. It's a little discouraging.

Before we end, I should mention some of the other things that I've done. I've been very fortunate in being in extremely good health, except for that overworked period after the war. Fortunately we started traveling in 1954. We went on that wonderful trip to Europe with the California Medical Association. Since then we've been traveling about every two years on great trips in all parts of the world except probably Australia, New Zealand, and China, which we hope to make some time soon. We've been to Europe two or three times. Several times around the world, twice to India, four times to Greece, twice to Egypt, up into Turkey and the Hittite countries, down to South America. This last year we went to Yugoslavia for three months, then down to South America and over to Easter Island, which was one of the trips I made a good talk about.

Mr. Mosher

You fulfilled the early dream that you had.

Dr. Hartman

Oh yes, I did, from my grandfather's experiences and that trunk full of relics. As a matter of fact, interestingly, when we went to Israel I did exactly what grandfather did. I retraced his steps, went down to the Jordan River, bought the same kind of bottle, filled my own bottle with the sacred waters of the Jordan River, and brought it back.

Mr. Mosher

What an interesting rite!

I'd like to talk about some people who were prominent in Mill Valley history. You'll think of others as we go along. Did you know Emil Pohli?

Dr. Hartman

Oh, he was a great, jolly fellow. I liked Emil. He was oftentimes a little coarse, but he was a good friend. He was a Rotarian.

Mr. Mosher

Wasn't he an ex-army person?

Dr. Hartman

Yes, and in the insurance business in Mill Valley.

Mr. Mosher

Chauncey Montgomery.

Dr. Hartman

He lived across the street from us. He ran the Muir Woods store and restaurant. Chauncey was the perfect Santa Claus at Christmastime to Rotary and elsewhere. He was always overweight, a very poor patient, refusing to take care of himself, like all these people who overeat and overdrink. But he was one of the most delightful people. He'd give you anything he could give you. He was a great storyteller, a good Rotarian. I think he died too early, really. If he had taken better care of

himself he wouldn't have died when he did.

Mr. Mosher

He died before I came here, but I did hear a lot of stories about him, and that's why I mentioned his name. Everyone seemed to find him a delightful person.

Dr. Hartman

Oh,yes,a delightful person to be with. He really was. Like Burl Ives, you might say, another Burl Ives.

Mr. Mosher

He obviously did well in business.

Dr. Hartman

Yes, he did. His business came to him because he was what he was: honest and frank and jovial, likeable in every way.

Mr. Mosher

Do I remember Hugh Rutherford as being a friend of yours?

Dr. Hartman

Oh, yes, Hugh really helped launch me. I don't know if he was the one who recommended me to the Rotary Club or not. Probably was. Hugh gave me lots of insight into the practical side of medicine, about prescribing medicines, and how to treat some of the English people around here, the Italians and the Portuguese and what they liked and didn't like. Betty Rutherford was my secretary after Zaida got too busy and finally became pregnant. That was his second wife. Betty was a wonderful, all-around secretary and friend. You couldn't ask for anybody finer, and of course that brought Hugh and me a little closer together.

Hugh was very ethical, a good Rotarian, serious-minded. He gave me a lot of hints about the practice, the little nuances, the ripples in town. He'd tell me who had said something that I should correct, or suggest I should make a phone call and show a little more interest,

or that someone was sicker than I thought he was, or that a certain person was a terrible neurotic and was getting too many drugs, so I should look out.

Mr. Mosher

I'd never thought how big a help a good druggist could be to a doctor.

Dr. Hartman

Well, he was, more so than anybody else, And of course we were Masons, too. He wanted me to go into the Masonic order; I became a Mason at his suggestion. I was the only doctor in town, and the night I was initiated I got a call right in the midst of the most serious part of the ceremony. It was a fracture. They called everything to a hault, opened the lodge doors, and allowed me to go out. I set the fracture and came back and finished getting my degree. There was a pause of about an hour while I did this little job in my office around the corner from the lodgeroom.

Mr. Mosher

You could probably write a book, or at least a sizable monograph, on the events in your life which have been interrupted.

Dr. Hartman

That's right. I've been interrupted at dinner parties, dances, and shows in the city. We didn't have, of course, any call system, like today. Any time I went to the city I always left my name if I could be reached. If I couldn't be reached, say at a movie or the opera, I'd very anxiously go to a pay phone and find out. Oftentimes I would leave and take Zaida with me. I don't know how she put up with it, missing a lot of good things, all for nothing. Most of the calls I left for were false alarms. Hyperventilation was the commonest thing, people who were overanxious or who couldn't breathe because they had a bad cough or they had a stomachache. A lot of them were just oversights that people should have taken care of rather than waiting until evening to get me.

Mr. Mosher

Frank Ankers.

Dr. Hartman

I didn't know him too well, although he was a patient of mine. But he was a fine gentleman, a great fellow.

Mr. Mosher

As a banker, he must have had quite a bit to do with the development of Mill Valley.

Dr. Hartman

I'm sure he did. He was well thought of and, again, another good Rotarian. Mrs. Ankers was always very nice, too.

Mr. Mosher

Did you know Jake Albert?

Dr. Hartman

No. I knew who he was.

Mr. Mosher

Owner of the department store?

Dr. Hartman

Yes, but I never really knew him. I know he was a very fine citizen and was in a lot of civic affairs. Well thought of.

Mr. Mosher

Do you think of any other names of prominent people in those days, the thirties or forties?

Dr. Hartman

Harrison Leppo and I were very good friends. I remember when Harrison was mayor, I got a call one night from the city hall. Would I take the place of one of the councilmen that was resigning? I can't remember what his name was. I thought it over about twenty minutes and called back and said no.

Mr. Mosher

It would hardly fit your career.

Dr. Hartman

There's Fred Bagshaw. The Bagshaws have all been patients and friends of mine. When I came here Fred Bagshaw was the mayor. The police had shot a man, and I took care of him. I gave the bill to the city, and there was some squabble about whether the city should pay for it. I don't remember what the incident was about. The city hall hadn't been built; we met in a place on Throckmorton Street. It ended up that they gave me my fee for taking care of this guy that was shot by the police.

Joe Canet and Ben Hartwell, the two policemen, were awfully good friends of mine. During the war we took karate together. I used to throw Joe around, and Joe used to throw me around, but I never could throw big Ben around. We'd practice downstairs in the Fire Department, just to have something to do in case we needed to know these things.

It was Joe Canet, on a Memorial Day, who helped me operate on my dog--our pride and joy, whom we sort of considered our first baby. The dog was struck by a car and had his head caved in. I took him up to the office, and Joe helped by holding him down (the dog was pretty well out anyhow) while I did a craniotomy, debrided the wound, and lifted out all the bone fragments. By golly, he was sick for about three or four days, just lingering. We fed him with a baby bottle. About the third or fourth day he came around, and he lived for two more years. I always felt that Joe had a hell of a lot to do with it.

If there was an accident, Joe was always there to find out what it was all about and take the record. Then he was usually put to work--either to hold somebody's hand or to assist me in any minor surgery. Then he'd help clean up the mess in the office afterwards.

The funniest thing that ever happened to Joe Canet was when he tried to arrest a woman violinist. She and another woman lived together, and she was always getting drunk. Joe went up there because of the noise and rowdiness. He picked her up and threw her over his back. She was a rather small person. On the way down, while he was carrying her down a flight of rugged steps, she

tore his pants and took two or three bites out of his buttocks. He just tossed her into the bushes. He was madder about having his pants torn than he was about the bite! He came and showed me the bite later. It was rather a good hunk of a bite. It didn't tear the skin, but it was a big bruise; you could see the teethmarks.

I used to do tonsillectomies in the front room of my office in the Keystone Building. The last tonsillectomy I did under local in my front room was Hugh Rutherford's son, I think. He was only sixteen. I had a lot of nerve taking tonsils out under a local. But I had learned how to do it at the prison, so I figured why not do it in my own office?

One time I took out a woman's tonsils under a local. I took one side out, and then she wasn't going to have any more of it. I chased her around the room two or three times and finally convinced her to sit down and have the other one out. Can you imagine that?

Mr. Mosher

Another name--Fred Drexler.

Dr. Hartman

I've known Fred well. Fred's changed an awful lot. He used to be quite bashful, almost speechless, but he's always been very proper. I always felt he was kind of nervous and holding back, perhaps uncomfortable in trying to express himself. They lived down on East Blithedale when we first knew them, I think. Of course we've been to many of his parties. I don't think we've ever been very intimate, even as much as you and I have been.

I've always thought I would try, before it's too late, to meet with a number of people and just sort of do what we're doing right now--talk about old times and the future, sharing ideas. You were one I wanted to meet with. And Fred Drexler. I did try with Harrison Leppo. The tendency is to meet only in cocktail parties, and I think they're the worst type of parties. They're all right to go to, but you don't get much out of them.

Mr. Mosher

They're kind of superficial.

Dr. Hartman

Very superficial.

Mr. Mosher

One other thing I'd like to hear you comment on is your children. You have two fine young people.

Dr. Hartman

Oh my, that's nice to talk about. I'm very fortunate in having Harriet and Nick. Oh, my, I'm sorry to leave this to the last.

Both of them were born in Stanford Hospital. They both went to the local schools--Nick went to Lick-Wilmerding, and Harriet went over to Branson's They came along at the time when there was not the upheaval among the youth that might have led them astray, although I rather doubt that it would have. They've been exemplary children.

They were both raised pretty much like I was raised. When I went to Stanford I had a checkbook and could use it just the way I wanted to; no questions asked. It was just assumed that I'd use judgment. I did the same with Nick and Harriet--and actually those kids were almost niggardly about their spending. Harriet today, despite all the success that her husband Tom is going through, still goes to sales and watches every penny. You'd think she had been raised by a family that didn't have any money. Nick is very frugal, too. He married a girl who worked with him.[1] He's a psychological counselor at Concord High. Harriet's married to Tom Kostic, an extremely successful lawyer, dealing now with Arabs and millions of dollars, and traveling back and forth to England and to Iran and so forth.

Mr. Mosher

How many grandchildren have you?

Dr. Hartman

We have four grandchildren, all girls. Harriet has two, Kathryn (Kathy) and Carolyn. Nick has Kristi and Laura. They're all smart kids, of course!

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[1]Sandra Cheek, who has a master's degree in social work from University of the Pacific. Voted Distinguished Woman of the Year by A.A.U.W. Concord Branch 1978-79; president 1976-77. R.B.H.

Mr. Mosher

This is a marvelous tape, and I really appreciate your doing it.

Editor's Note: In November 1978 Dr. Hartman met again with Carl Mosher to tape some additional recollections.

Mr. Mosher

This is our second interview, November 1978. Do you recall other episodes in your life to add to your biography?

Dr. Hartman

Yes,one thing brings up another, and there is never enough time to say it all. Funny, I never thought I had much to say, but I do. Many people would have interesting histories if we could get them to think and talk. What more would you like to ask me, Carl?

Mr. Mosher

You said that you had a happy childhood, a closely knit family. What about friends?

Dr. Hartman

I had lots of acquaintances. I really can't remember fellows I didn't like, even some of the bullies. Only once did I have a real fist fight, and there I held back for fear of hurting the guy badly if I knocked him down. I never got into the center of any dissension or that sort of thing, even though my school had many foreign kids who ganged up and were hard on the teachers.

Mr. Mosher

Did you have any special friends?

Dr. Hartman

Oh yes, Dave Roush. Believe it or not, I have kept in touch with him ever since we were in the first grade.

Dave was a jolly, roly-poly boy whom everyone liked. He came from a poor family in a fringe area of the best part of McKeesport. He was always full of fun, with the best laugh, and always willing to pitch in and help cut grass, run errands, and so on. He was a friend to everyone. I talked to him several months ago in Tuscon, and he still has that jolly laugh. Dave was closer to me than my cousins. We hiked together. Both of us were Boy Scouts. Dad gave him a bicycle from our hardware store. Our bicycle patrol took nice, long trips and was in all the parades, doing maneuvers on the street. Dave was very bright but never went to college. He entered the Westinghouse employment and advanced rapidly until he became their No. 1 troubleshooter throughout the world. He has retired before I have.

Mr. Mosher

Was there anything else that made your childhood so idyllic?

Dr. Hartman

Oh yes, our pets. We always had a dog, occasionally a cat, but the best pet we ever had was a goat. His or her name was "Nanny." Nanny was given to my Uncle Vic as a baby, in payment for a medical bill. Living downtown he had no place to keep her, so he gave her to us. I was about ten years old. Across our backyard we had a large chicken coop with about three dozen chickens, so we put her in the chicken coop. She appropriated one of the nests, then grew, and we had to enlarge the nest. As time went on we noticed that all the chickens were losing their feathers, until we had three dozen chickens totally bald, without any feathers at all. Nanny plucked their feathers as food.

She ate anything and everything, and we had to be very careful about putting things away when she roamed through our house. She also had a box in our kitchen, and we treated her as we would our dog. As a matter of fact, she would often run away and run with a pack of dogs. I am sure they thought she was a dog, like one of them. Her favorite friend was the mayor's dog, a little poodle named "Pettie Dink," named from a dog character in the funny papers. Many times these two would be caught destroying gardens in our neighborhood's estate. Several times they were picked up by the dogcatcher, and the mayor and Dad would have to go down to the pound and bail them out.

Having a hardware store, we had several wagons. We would hitch one up to Nanny, and she delighted in dragging us around. She would get very jealous and often would take a running start and bump my best friends off their feet before they knew what was happening. Contrary to ideas, Nanny never smelled badly. We washed her, of course. On several occasions, like my dog she would be found in our bed. I really didn't mind it; she was warm and cuddly. But the folks didn't like it.

As she grew she gave the folks and neighbors more trouble. The last straw was the many times Dad had to go find her, blocks away or downtown. This embarrassed him to drag a goat home, with friends looking on. We had a streetcar track running in front of our house. Repeatedly on Sunday morning Nanny would get out and squat herself on the middle of the track. You could hear the streetcar bell ringing and ringing. Dad, who would be sleeping in, would have to throw on his robe and go down and drag Nanny off the track. The ringing of the bell attracted the neighbors, and Dad would get the big laugh. Dad was a very serious man and never could take being laughed at.

Finally Nanny shredded Mother's finest tablecloth just before a big party and knocked a few things over, and Nanny disappeared. To this day I really don't know what became of her, but Dad assured us she was going to a "bigger and better home." It was one of the shocks of my young life, and my sisters and I never quite forgave Dad. I don't think Dad ever realized what a cruel thing it was, because he was always a very kind and thoughtful man.

I was never spanked in my life, and I am sure there were times I deserved it. We stayed in line because we had great respect for our parents. We wanted to please them, and they were proud of us. My sisters and I would never do anything that would disgrace the family.

Mr. Mosher

This is probably the most disciplinary technique of all--to protect your honor and good name. It has probably stayed with you throughout your life.

Dr. Hartman

Yes, I am sure it has. Any temptation that comes my

way. I set it up against the proposition of "what would my Mother and Dad think," even though they are dead now.

It has come down through the family. Although we were not well off we never wanted, and we learned to want only those things that were needed and worthwhile--toys, books, trips, no questions asked. We had many nice summer trips to Chautauqua, New York; Belle Island, Lake Erie, and summer resorts. Dad never stinted on summer vacations, as a reward for our good schoolwork and keeping the family together. At Chautauqua we took summer courses in history and literature. Culture was uppermost in my parents' mind, and we had the best exposure possible.

I was given Carte Blanche in spending money and writing checks. My sisters and I realized that, after all, Dad was working hard for this money, Mother was frugal, and no one should be a "pig at the trough." This freedom to spend lasted all through college, medical school, and medical training. This was during the depression, and Dad couldn't have helped me.

I made $23.50 a month as an intern at San Francisco County Hospital for two years. Then I was married, and Zaida and I came north for my internship and residency for three years. She made $85.00 a month as secretary to Dr. Barnett, Professor of Medicine. We lived on Hampshire Street, three blocks from the hospital, and we lived well. However, Zaida recalls leaving a valuable gold coin with the butcher or grocer for food until she could redeem it with cash.

Mr. Mosher

Did anything happen or stand out during your medical training?

Dr. Hartman

No, just hard work. You could never give an excuse if you were tired. Dr. Eloesser and all our staff were hard on us. Eloesser's rounds were often many hours long, and he exhausted everyone. You felt like dropping. Doctors Emge, Reichert, Bloomenfeld, and Hanzlik, the "Iron Duke,"[1] were tough. They not only taught us but made us think that the more original we were, the more they liked it.

Mr. Mosher

It sounds like the strict and frugal existence you

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[1]Other doctors were: Catlin, Cheney, Dickey, Dock, Favor, Gardner, Holman, Luck, McNaught, Meyers, Newell, Ophuls, Rogers, Twitchell, Wayburn. R.B.H.

read about in English colleges.

Dr. Hartman

Yes, tough and frugal.

Mr. Mosher

Has it ever left you?

Dr. Hartman

No, I watch my pennies. I look back now and regret not doing a lot of things I thought we couldn't afford. Even the kids are that way. Harriet has always been careful spending her money. Nick likewise. If I am not talking too much, then let me give you an example. Nick was on furlough in the navy and was ready to go back to Subic Bay, I believe. Anyhow, just before leaving I offered him $100 to buy what he might want in Hong Kong, because we had given Harriet a lot of things while he was gone. I got no response. Thinking I was chintzy I offered him $200. No response! I raised it several times more, and finally Nick said, "Dad, I don't need your money." He showed me a few hundred dollars in his wallet and said "I know where I can always get it if I need it, and I hope I will never need it." He then informed me that he was going standby, flying in navy planes. This meant considerable uncertainty, loss of time, and so on, and I offered to pay his fare for a commercial flight. He said no, he wanted to save his money. Then he said he was leaving earlier than planned, so he would not be late. I asked him what the penalty would be if he were detained. He said, "I don't think anything would happen, Dad, but what would my men think?"

Mr. Mosher

Nick and Harriet are chips off the old block.

Dr. Hartman

Yes, I am proud of them and couldn't ask for better children. We didn't raise them, they just grew up with us. I am always surprised how many children of friends of ours had a similar family life in Mill Valley and yet gave their parents plenty of trouble. I have always said that in spite of child psychology I don't think you can predict

how a child will turn out. Some of our best homes turn out the rottenest kids, and poor homes turn out great people.

Mr. Mosher

History is full of such examples.

Dr. Hartman

Family pride is important.

Mr. Mosher

What about your war services?

Dr. Hartman

At the time I didn't realize it, but I was doing more on the home front than many doctor friends who I thought were dodging bullets. I had been repeatedly turned down, even when I volunteered, because of my health history, so I worked hard here and in the shipyards. I didn't make much money because patients were strangers, and they just weren't used to paying doctors. We lost in California Physician Service because it went broke, and we settled at 50¢ for an office call; $1.50 for a house call, clear to Sausalito, and $17.50 for an appendectomy. I worked so hard I was a nervous wreck for two years. That was a bad time for me, physically and morally.

Later I did get into the Merchant Marine and was fortunate, through Dr. Stanley, to get a job as ship surgeon on the Leilani. This was after the war. It was quite an experience, because I am not like so many of my doctor friends who have taken to water and boats. The trip in February was one of the roughest ever experienced. I had more patients than I could handle, with both passengers and crew suffering from seasickness or falls. We ran out of seasickness remedies, but I thought of an ingenious substitute. As a baby doctor I used to give Karo syrup to sick babies for nourishment, especially in cases of nausea and vomiting. Some was sure to be absorbed, and it provided calories. I commandeered some Karo syrup from the commissary, colored it red, and passed it out in four-ounce bottles. It worked wonders. Passengers came back for more. Their seasickness went away, and I had repeated requests for the prescription to take home with them. Naturally I kept the secret. I'm sure it was mind over matter.

It was a rough trip. Everybody was out of humor. Newlyweds were fighting. People were drinking too much. Fingers were caught in door jams. There were falls down stairs and in corridors, one serious case of measles, and a case of appendicitis which I seriously considered operating on. Oh yes, and I nearly delivered a baby when a woman went into labor a month too soon. We had a nice, well-equipped hospital and two well-trained nurses, Nancy Moore and Betty Boyd, both of whom knew more about marine medicine than I did. They kept me well informed, kept the records and ran the errands.

To make things worse, the garbage disposal machinery would not work, and the seas were too high to throw it overboard, so they said. It slopped around in the hold of the ship and was an awful mess. I insisted, as part of my duty, on reporting this in my log "for the health and safety of passengers and crew."

The crew was in an ugly mood, too, because many of the portholes were leaking and there were eight to ten inches of water in their quarters. Hammocks, clothes, and belongings were wet. After much discussion with Executive Officer Rosenbloom, I had the crew moved into a recreational hold--to everybody's disgust, especially the passengers. Often I wondered what I was doing out there.

They finally did stop the ship and managed to throw the garbage overboard, ruining the new paint job on the side of the ship and losing an hour or so. We were supposed to arrive in Honolulu at 9 A.M. We arrived at 5 P.M., exhausted.

Some months later I took the same job on the Lurline. I stowed Zaida aboard, and we had a ball, with fine quarters and everything. The weather was perfect, the sea calm. We met nice people, including Dr. Bob and Sandy Bright, who have been neighbors across the Bay ever since. And oh boy, how we ate! I had my own table of twelve, with two seatings. Like the captain, it was an honor to be invited to sit at the doctor's table. This trip made up for the last one.

Mr. Mosher

Can you recall any other medical experiences?

Dr. Hartman

I have what I call a Good Samaritan tale. After my grueling years as a resident physician at San Francisco County Hospital, a rich friend took my wife and me on a long trip through the Southwest for a needed rest. We were crossing the Continental Divide, eighty-five miles from Winslow, Arizona, late in the afternoon. The road was rough with potholes, and we were quite tired from driving. We stopped at a small village for gas. As we pulled away, the gas station operator warned us to go slow because the road had just been graveled. He said that a car had turned over several hours before and that two badly injured passengers were down in an old abandoned trailer park, waiting for a doctor to arrive from Winslow. They had given up hope.

I immediately felt I should do what I could, and I was led down a dark, tree-lined path to a decrepit hut to see the victims of the wreck. I found an old couple on a double bed--their poodle between them, barking and refusing to let me come close. Both man and wife looked badly hurt. Getting the dog away, I found the old gentleman was having difficulty breathing, due to an injury to his chest from crushing against the steering wheel.

His wife was worse. She seemed only half conscious. She had a circular laceration about twelve inches long around her forehead, extending nearly to the back of her head. The scalp was turned inside out, stretching back over the top of her head and making her look bald. All along the laceration was red dirt, sand, blades of grass, and clotted blood. Fortunately the scalp had been stripped back in such a way that the blood vessels were stretched, and bleeding had been minimal.

There was no light, no heat, no water. I had no medical supplies or instruments. We did have a manicure set, forceps, and scissors. We opened the one general store in the village and got white cotton thread, needles, and rubbing alcohol. By this time it was getting dark. Lamps were set up, and I cut off all the woman's matted hair, leaving her entirely bald. Using clean buckets from the store we carried water from a well and I copiously washed the woman's head and scalp, using soap. I did this for at least half an hour or more, until every bit of sand and dirt was removed as far as I could tell. I gently applied the

alcohol, and I also cleaned the forceps in it. Then I turned down the everted scalp to its proper position and sutured the two edges together. Amazingly, without any anesthesia, the woman stood it well. Of course she was pretty well knocked out, but I'm sure she felt a lot of it. It took me about an hour. Zaida was magnificent in helping me, as good as any nurse. The woman had many abrasions and possibly a sprained or fractured wrist.

Then I turned my attention to the old man. He seemed better and began to help us. He may have had some injured ribs, but he was too worried about his wife to want much attention. Two hours after we started our work the doctor drove in from Winslow. He was most displeased that I had done all the work, but I explained that we didn't know whether anyone would ever arrive. I recommended a tetanus shot, and we drove into Winslow, where we spent the night. I then discovered that in our uncomfortable departure I had left our manicure set, scissors, hat, and pillow case. We finished our nice Southwest tour, came back to our apartment near the hospital, and forgot the whole affair.

Three weeks later I was called to the office of the hospital superintendent. I expected to be reprimanded for treating a cat with a dislocated jaw in the emergency room. Much to my surprise, here was the little old lady, still bald except for early stubble hair growth. She returned our manicure set, our scissors, my hat, and our pillowcase. In the pillowcase she pressed a ten-dollar bill. I never experienced a more joyful encounter. I felt like crying. Holding back the tears, I bent down while she kissed me. I squeezed the ten-dollar bill back into her closed fist. I asked what had happened after I left. She said the doctor did nothing--no tetanus shot, nothing. Then he sent them a bill for $125. They were taken to Springfield, where they were laid up for several weeks. Then they called a friend who came and drove them home. How did they find me? It turned out the old gentleman was a retired plumber who worked at the hospital and lived only a block away from us on Hampshire Street!

Mr. Mosher

Besides the church adventures that you spoke of, what other activities did you participate in while growing up?

Dr. Hartman

I was very active in the Boy Scouts and have supported

them ever since. We went on long hikes and bicycle trips. We had wonderful leadership. I missed being an Eagle Scout because I couldn't swim. My parents discouraged swimming because so many youngsters were drowned in our rivers, and the few swimming pools were "filthy bathtubs for the Hunkies."

Mr. Mosher

What stands out as most memorable?

Dr. Hartman

An episode happened during one of the tense times during a steel strike. Grandmother Cowan, a very strong militant for human rights, nearly got me beaten up in a near riot. Grandmother was an ardent worker for the foreign mothers and children. She persuaded the city to have an annual street fair, and every merchant contributed or else! She raised thousands of dollars. She promoted a milk bank where nursing mothers provided their excess milk to newborn and other babies when their mothers were dry. They didn't have the satisfactory mothers' milk substitute like we have today. They did use Borden's Condensed Milk, which really had too much sugar for infants and caused diarrhea. For all her work, she was given a special gold medal by the County of Allegheny (which included Pittsburg) as an understanding humanitarian.

Mr. Mosher

She must have influenced your idealism toward medicine.

Dr. Hartman

Yes, Grandmother and Uncle Vic did so much for so many people.

Mr. Mosher

You were going to say something about a riot.

Dr. Hartman

During a serious and ugly steel strike, Grandmother was sponsor of a show, a series of short acts a little like vaudeville, at one of our local theatres in the tough Hunky section of town. I sang the following song in my

Boy Scout uniform and holding an American flag in my hand:

If you don't like your Uncle Sammy,
If you don't like the Red, White and Blue,
Then go back from where you came,
Whatever be its name,
We won't be ungrateful to you.
If you don't like the stars in Old Glory,
If you don't like the Red, White and Blue,
Then don't act like the cur in the story,
DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT'S FEEDING YOU!

The audience rose, shouted me down, and threw whatever they had at me. I had to be rescued by the police and escorted home. My nicely pressed uniform was a mess, and someone yanked the flag from my hand and struck my face. Grandma was enraged about it all, and I was shocked and scared. That probably stopped my singer's career, because I was a pretty good singer. I had some voice tryouts and made the grade for the Episcopal boys' choir, which was famous around Pittsburg. I refused to join because I had to wear a gown like girls' clothes. Later in high school I did sing in the glee club.

Mr. Mosher

There are terrible times when you don't know how people under tension will react. Look at book burning and other irrational acts.

Dr. Hartman

Yes, during World War I we were suspect because of our name. Grandfather could speak German. We even burned all the German books in our front yard for all the neighbors to see. Grandfather, who lived with us, had a good German library, and I would have learned German. Even our hardware business suffered. I really don't think we are that stupid today--but resentment can run deep, and it could happen again.

Mr. Mosher

What clubs do you belong to, Rod?

Dr. Hartman

As you know I belong to the Mill Valley Rotary Club. Once you did, too. I was president in 1972, and now I am the oldest in terms of years, joining in 1927. Incidentally,

I am also the oldest doctor in the county in terms of age and years, coming here in 1935. I belong to all the medical societies--AMA, CMA, Academy of Family Practice, Railway Surgeon, Psychosomatic Society, and World Health and Medical Society. Belonging to the latter gives me good excuses to make many of my foreign trips, because they meet in different cities and countries throughout the world.

Mr. Mosher

You have done a lot of traveling.

Dr. Hartman

Oh yes, and I am so glad we did it when we did. Most people wait too long. Dr. Stanley, who was a world traveler, always said it was the newlywed and the nearly dead that traveled. Our first trip to Europe was with the California Medical Association in 1954. We have taken long trips at least every other year, and now more often.

Mr. Mosher

Is there any continent that you haven't traveled to?

Dr. Hartman

Antarctica, but everywhere else except Australia. We have been through all the continents and revisited many places several times--Egypt, India, Greece four times, England, China in 1978.

Mr. Mosher

Traveling reinforces your knowledge and interest in history.

Dr. Hartman

It sure does. I study up on it before I go and even more so when I get back. I take lots of slides and give many talks, as you know. I use the Toastmasters as a workshop to prepare my talks. I have belonged to the club since 1954. As you know, it is to improve communication and public speaking. It also inspires reading, organization, listening, and critical judgment.

Mr. Mosher

You're a Mason, too.

Dr. Hartman

Yes, all the male members of my family were. They almost took the Masonic doctrine and precepts as their religion. Nothing could be better.

Mr. Mosher

Do you belong to any other groups?

Dr. Hartman

There were honor societies like Phi Beta Kappa. I won a cup as USC outstanding medical scholar. The ones I get the biggest kick out of are the historic socities--California Marin, the Westerners, and especially E Clampus Vitus. It would take an hour to explain E Clampus Vitus--if you could explain it! It is a "historical drinking society" or a "drinking historical society." It had its origin with the down-and-outer miners of the Mother Lode country, rough, ready, rambunctious, poking fun and ridicule at anything that is taken seriously. Their motto is "Credo, Quid Absurdum." Most men act like human jackasses; the jackass is our symbol. We meet over the state, wherever there is a historical event, and raise a little hell. Most members are serious-minded citizens like myself. Letting off steam and celebrating California history is good for us.

Oh yes, I am a member of the "Baker Street Irregulars" and a faithful attendant, contributing to meetings that keep alive the genius of Sherlock Holmes.

Mr. Mosher

To me, you sound like a romanticist. Did you ever try writing?

Dr. Hartman

Oh yes. At Gettysburg, before any thought of medicine, I wrote vignettes in history. Remember, I was a moonlighting battlefield guide. For several years, I took mail correspondence courses with Hoosier Institute and wrote stories. Never tried to publish them, just too much trouble--and I

doubt if they were that good. Some of them were borrowed by my friends and relatives in their English classes and took As. If my Father had bought the Gettysburg Times, my entire life would have changed; I would have gone into journalism. I would have been owner and editor of a town and country newspaper--never would have come west, wouldn't have been a doctor, and wouldn't have met Zaida! But the negotiations fell through, thank God.

Mr. Mosher

You have just returned from China, haven't you?

Dr. Hartman

Yes, it was a great experience, and we were well received. We are going back in 1980.

Mr. Mosher

Was this a medical tour?

Dr. Hartman

No, but I saw a lot of the practice of medicine--clinics, "barefoot doctor" hospitals. The Chinese stress health for the good of the state; medicine is completely socialized and free of charge. Everywhere we went the Chinese looked healthy and happy. I was absolutely amazed at watching acupuncture being used in major surgery--thyroidectomy, craniotomy, laparotomy, and (most amazing) thoracotomy. Specialized patients are chosen and trained, and it is not always successful, even in China. We have heard about its success in America, and it has almost become a fad. Personally, I know of few successes--and so far none with my desperate patients who try it. Pain and its control in the complex body milieu is still not entirely understood; research is going on, and the explanation of modalities like hypnosis and acupuncutre awaits a decision of much more study. If we can avoid drugs, all of which are poisons, I am for anything safer that works. As you know, I am an advocate of psychosomatic approaches.

We have much to learn about the human body and basic biochemical physiology and psychological effects. In our studies we use basic scientific methods, using more complex technical methods and treatment (complex synthetic drugs,heart transplants, prósthesis.) We are now studying the cell itself and

genetic engineering. Medicine accomplishes wonders with these advancements, but, in spite of it all, medicine is not a science but, in the final analysis, an art in its application.

Mr. Mosher

Summing up, what major changes have you seen and experienced in medicine over your span of forty-odd years?

Dr. Hartman

When I came here in 1936 I was expected to be qualified to do everything--major surgery and obstetrics, as well as medicine--and I did it. As I look back on it compared to today, I feel pleased that I did so well on my own. We had no specialists to call in. I had six good years of training in general practice after graduation, and I could handle 85 percent of problems presented to me. I was satisfied, and so were my patients. Patients believed in me and followed my orders, and everyone was friendly. I felt good and confident. In a contest for "Man of the Year" I was very close to Mayor Harison Leppo as a runner-up in popularity.

Like most of the other doctors (Goddard and Landrock in Mill Valley) we did major surgery with good results. We gave each other's anesthesia and depended a great deal on spinals. We had few complications, but in cases of overwhelming infections, patients with heart and pulmonary complications died on the first occasion instead of being saved by intensive care procedures, which we didn't have then. And this was the preantibiotic era. Sometimes we prolonged their lives only to see them die of the same complication sometime later. Patients and relatives accepted this stage of the art of medicine, and lawsuits were never anticipated.

We made innumerable house calls, a terrible waste of time, and we were on the job most of the time day and night, without anyone to sign out to. Patients insisted on their own doctor. There were no intercommunicating medical exchanges until the late fifties.

Knowledge in medicine has increased astronomically, as in every other field. Specialists became necessary, like most of the other doctors. New drugs, new techniques, more instruments, diagnostic techniques such as the CAT scan and brilliant results in surgery and organ transplants made medicine a process of many minds and machinery. Many lives have been saved and prolonged.

Old age has been prolonged, but one wonders about the quality of life, so prolonged. Patients express their wish not to be kept alive "as a vegetable," but it gets out of their control. They become helplessly ill, and relatives all too often insist on "everything being done," to assuage their own guilt feelings. Sickness and death arouse all sorts of guilt feelings in American society. Much is being done. A better understanding of the process of dying comes with the hospice.

Although doctors practice differently than they did when I was very active, they have the same feelings and devotion to their profession in spite of the public criticism you hear today. Marin County is very fortunate in having the highest grade of medicine practiced anywhere. I don't know of any unqualified or heartless doctors.

The solo physician like me will be gone like the dodo bird. Everything in medicine will be built around group practices like the Ross Valley Medical Clinic. Of course government is promoting this idea. I admit it is more efficient and reliable and should be less expensive.

The cost of medical care is shocking, even to me. I am really ashamed to know the fee that is asked in my office, and yet it is the going price. The idea that "insurance pays for it anyway" shocks me, like credit card buying. Medicare and Medi-Cal, especially, encourage overutilization and even fraud. But controls and curtailment of services limit the discretion of the doctor and curtail services to the patient. I don't see a good solution, but the public will demand (and I am certain will get) government-supervised, socialized medicine for better or worse. I just hope it doesn't go into the despair of the British system or even the Canadian experience. Nobody really likes it, but once accepted nobody will get rid of it either. Probably the new doctors will take it in stride and work with the system and in due time, with adjustment, will work out an acceptable system, counting on American genius and ingenuity.

Mr. Mosher

Thanks again, Rod, for this addition to your experiences, your thoughts, and philosophy.

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